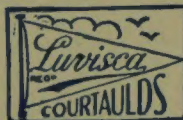


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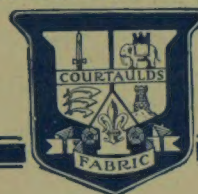
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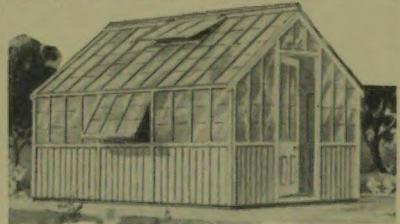
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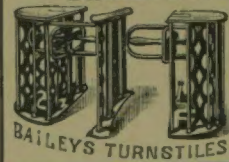
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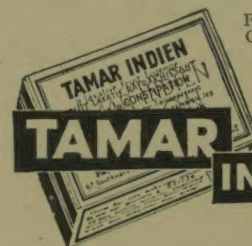
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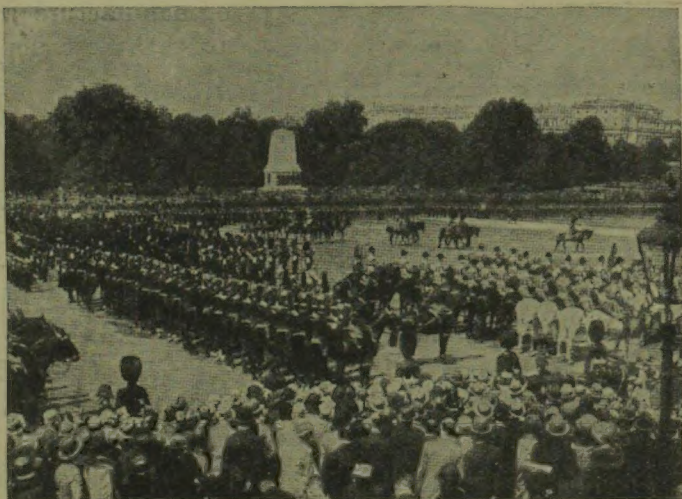
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

BY H. THORNTON RUTTER.

**S**AFETY glass is now compulsory for front screens and windows on motor-vehicles in Great Britain, which country has persistently developed this form of safer protection for the users of cars, motor omnibuses, and coaches for the past twenty years and



THE COLD SPELL IN HOLLAND, WITH A TRIUMPH "SUPER NINE" IN THE FOREGROUND: SKATING ON ONE OF THE MANY LAKES OF FRIESLAND.

even longer. I wonder whether the great body of motor-car users realise that this development is entirely due to the faith one man had in Triplex safety glass. Yet, but for the persistent endeavour of Mr. Reginald Delpech, who had to struggle against many difficulties, Triplex and non-shattering glass processes would have sunk into oblivion, in place of creating a new industry both here in England and in the U.S.A.

I wandered round the Triplex Safety Glass Company's works at King's Norton, near Birmingham, some short while ago, as it is the world's largest supplier of safety glass, to seek knowledge on the methods of improved manufacture since the pre-war days of the company's works at Willesden. At the Birmingham

works, no fewer than 2,000,000 sq. feet of safety non-shattering splinter-free glass is sold each year. It is this King's Norton factory which supplies the safety glass for motor-cars, omnibuses, railway trains, aeroplanes, pilots' goggles, and a variety of other uses. As Mr. Delpech piloted me round the various departments, it was most interesting to watch the care taken in selecting the glass. Two kinds are used, plate and sheet, but the Triplex Company insist on flawless raw material, so a very difficult and high standard is thus set the glass-maker. Many sheets were discarded for small blemishes by the watchful eyes of the examiners. In fact, it is said that this firm of safety glass manufacturers reject more raw glass sheet than many other companies produce.

Safety glass is made by sandwiching a sheet of clear transparent celluloid material in between two flawless sheets of glass. Then, when the "sandwich" is prepared, it is placed in a huge hydraulic press heated to a certain temperature and left there under a heavy pressure for a definite space of time. This amalgamates the three sheets so that they appear as a homogeneous sheet of thick glass with rough edges. This is trimmed—arressed is the technical term—and a slot or groove is burnt out of the celluloid round the edge of the glass by means of a hot wheel. This slot is the most important part of the process in keeping safety glass free from flaws during its useful life in motor-cars. After the slot has been cleaned out and dried, a machine seals the edges by filling the slot with a special kind of pitch. No air or water can penetrate this sealed edge, as, if it could, in course of time the celluloid would perish or discolour the highly polished clear crystal-like surface.

As for polishing, Triplex safety glass seems to be polished and repolished at every other stage of its various processes down to the completed article cut to shape and size. Also I have not mentioned that the glass is washed and sprayed with hot water and acid, the sheets passed through washing machines, sprayed with gelatine, and then with a secret compound (the patent process of the manufacturers) before being sandwiched.

But the fifty-odd presses, the "hot wheels" for sealing the edges, and the strength and toughness of the finished article are the most wonderful items to the non-technical visitor inspecting these works. Moreover, every Britisher can walk round this factory with great pride, as these works have taught the whole world how non-shattering glass should be made. Triplex is synonymous with safety in the minds of motorists, and it is the care exercised in its manufacture which has earned for this process this proved position throughout the world—and saved a great number of lives.



THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY'S FOOTBALL COMPETITION: THE WINNER, MR. BERNARD FRANSELLA, BEING HANDED HIS CHEQUE FOR £5000.

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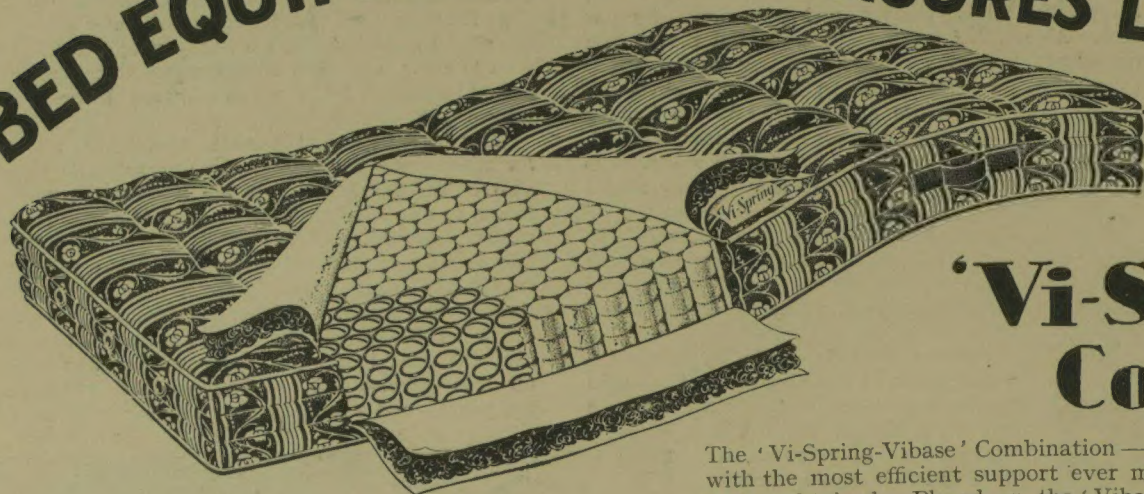
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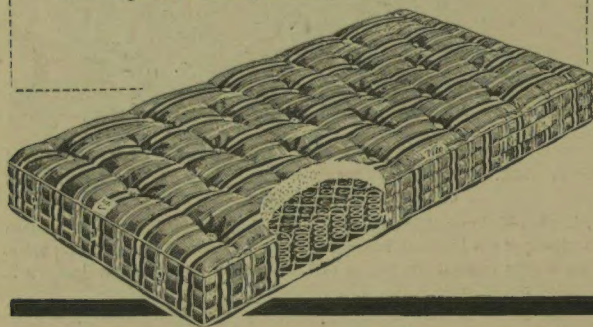
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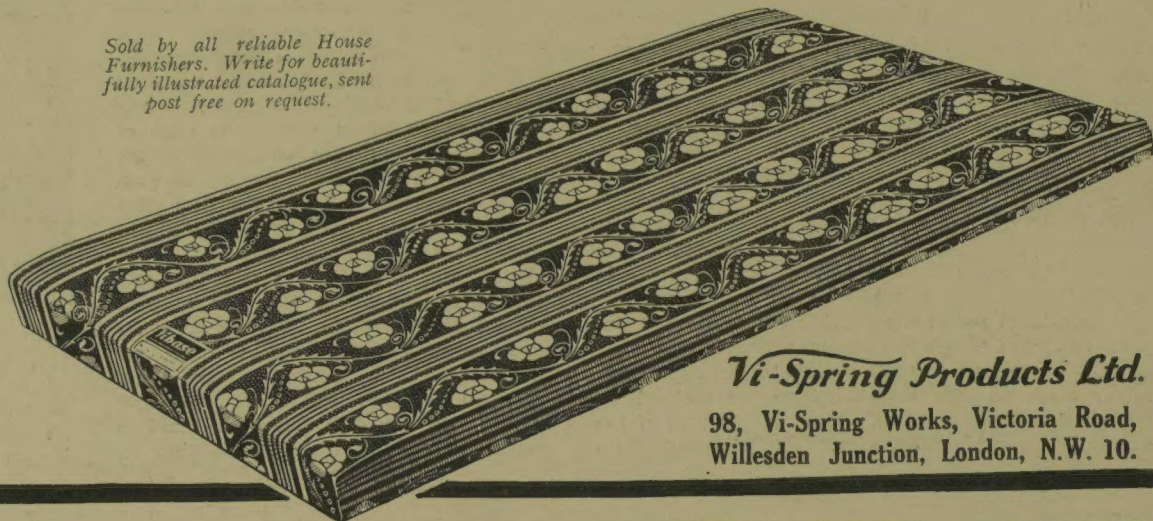
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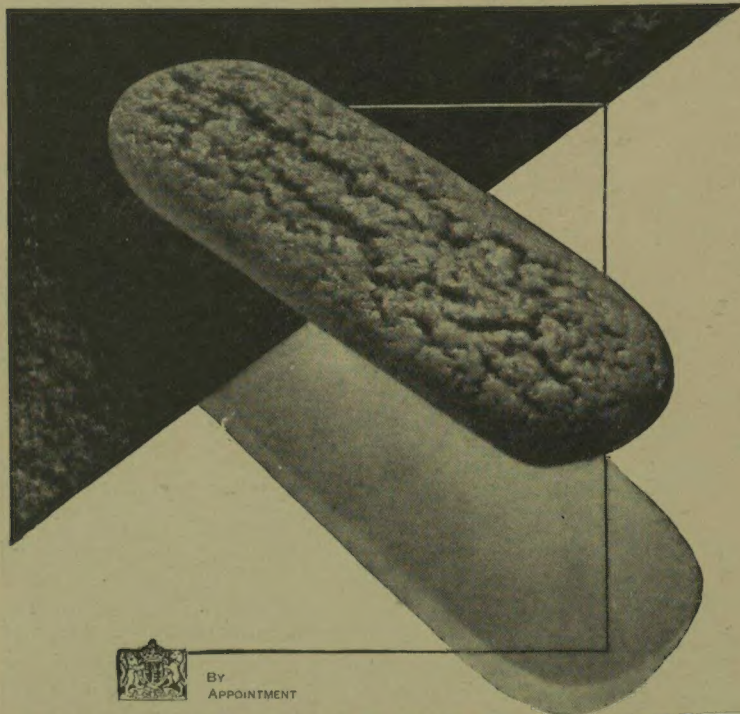


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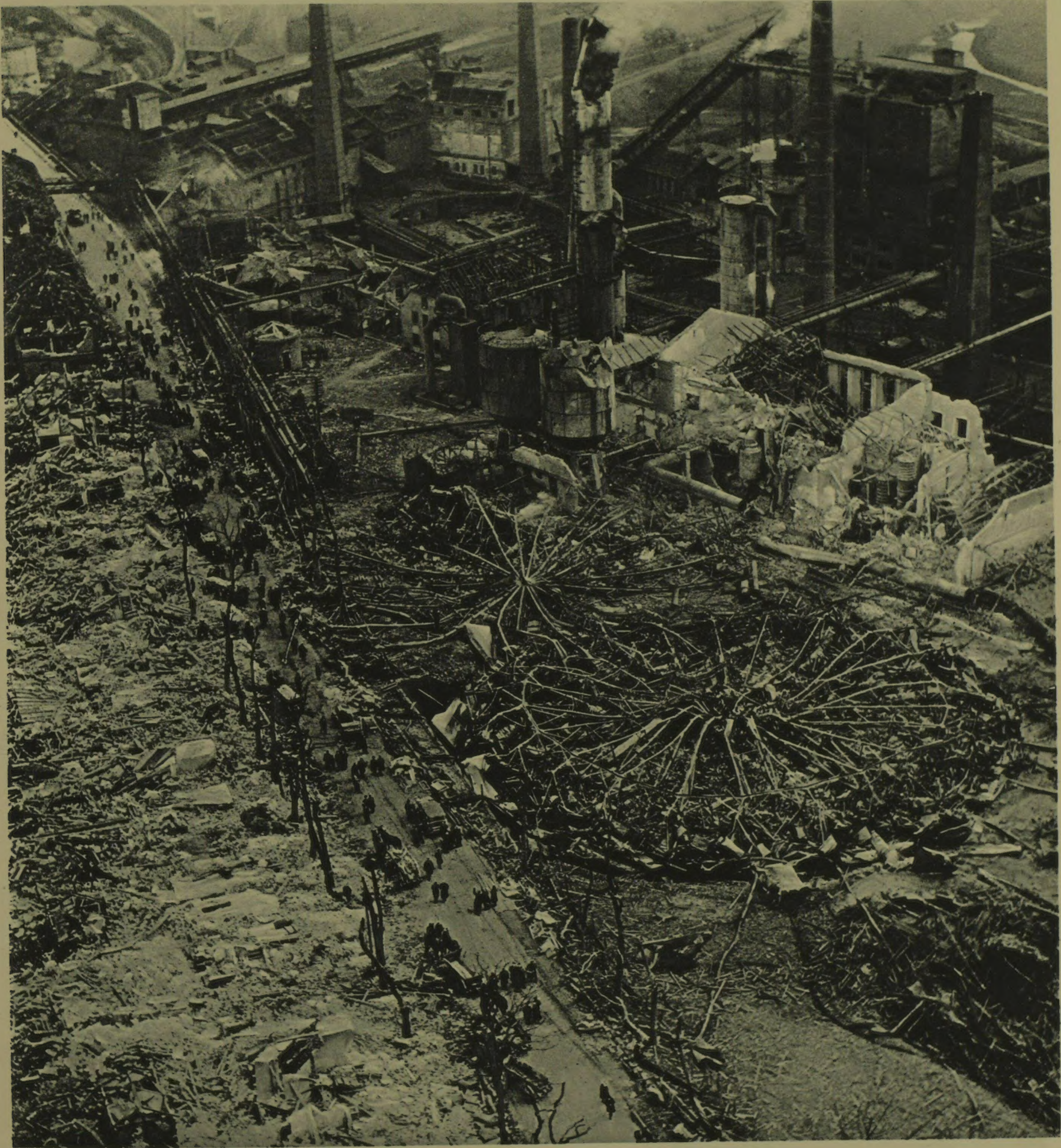
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1933.



**THE DISASTROUS EXPLOSION AT NEUNKIRCHEN: REMAINS OF THE GAS-CONTAINER LIKE A SPIDER'S WEB IN THE HEART OF THE DEVASTATED AREA—THE RUINED SAARBRÜCKER STRASSE ON THE LEFT.**

A terrible disaster took place in the town of Neunkirchen, in the Saar Territory, at six o'clock on the evening of February 10, when a gas-container constructed to hold 125,000 cubic metres of gas blew up. As this remarkable air-view shows, the area of devastation was widespread. It is impossible, as we write, to say how many lives have been lost, but, by the Sunday, fifty-seven bodies had been recovered, and it was stated that very many had been injured. The gas-container in question

was the biggest in the district and belonged to the Neunkirchen Ironworks, one of the most modern industrial plants in the Territory. Such was the force of the initial explosion that the heavy iron cover of the container was blown some 2500 yards over the top of the railway-station. The greatest damage to dwellings was in the Saarbrücker Strasse, where fifty houses were wrecked, and there most of the victims were killed outright.—(SEE ALSO PAGES 216 AND 217.)



# THE FEARFUL GAS-CONTAINER EXPLOSION AT NEUNKIRCHEN, IN THE SAAR: THE DEVASTATED AREA—"AS IT WAS IN FLANDERS."



AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE BIG GAS-CONTAINER OF THE NEUNKIRCHEN IRONWORKS: A STREET IN THE DEVASTATED AREA, THE INHABITANTS OF WHICH HAVE LOST PRACTICALLY THEIR ALL.



THE GAS-CONTAINER THAT BLEW UP—THE BIGGEST IN THE SAAR AND THE THIRD BIGGEST IN GERMANY: THE 260-FT.-HIGH STRUCTURE BEFORE THE DISASTER.

*(Continued)*  
broken. Houses have been damaged and unroofed, ceilings are hanging down, window frames and doors blown in; shop windows in the main street have been demolished and the stock destroyed, and most of the premises are now boarded up. The streets are littered with broken glass and roof tiles, which caused many of the injuries. The Saarbrücker Strasse would seem to have had the full force of the explosion, for here most of the victims were killed outright. The area of the explosion, viewed from the top of a hill on the outskirts of the town last night, presented a scene of devastation. On one side was a country road marked by shattered stumps of trees, a mass of debris

*(Continued below.)*



SEEKING TO SAVE A LITTLE FROM THE REMAINS OF THEIR HOMES: PEOPLE OF DEVASTATED NEUNKIRCHEN COLLECTING HOUSEHOLD GOODS FROM THEIR RUINED DWELLINGS.

AS we note under our front-page picture, a big gas-container in the town of Neunkirchen, in the Saar Territory, blew up on February 10, with disastrous results. "The part of the town adjoining the exploded gas-container is wholly wrecked and presents a scene comparable with the result of artillery bombardment," said the "Times," and this comparison with a war-devastated area was again emphasised in the following note sent from Neunkirchen by the same paper's special correspondent: "There is hardly a building the windows of which have not been

*(Continued above on right.)*



RESCUE-WORK AND SALVAGE-WORK THAT WENT ON BY NIGHT AND BY DAY: SEARCHING THE REMAINS OF HOUSES DEMOLISHED BY THE EXPLOSION.

representing all that remained of twenty-eight workmen's cottages. Farther up the road were eighty more houses badly damaged. On the opposite side was the wreckage of the destroyed coking, tar, ammonia, and benzol plant of the ironworks, erected only two years ago. . . . The extent of the destruction was still more clearly seen by a tour of the town this morning. Survivors of the disaster, some with bandaged heads and limbs, were seeking to remove on lorries, carts, and barrows the most treasured articles of their scanty belongings they could recover. "That is what it was like in Flanders," was a remark heard. To this it may be added that Neunkirchen, which has over 40,000 inhabitants, has been included since 1919 in the special régime set up under the Treaty of Versailles for the administration of the Saar. The Relief Funds were opened with a personal contribution of 100,000 marks from President von Hindenburg.



"THAT IS WHAT IT WAS LIKE IN FLANDERS": THE DEVASTATED AREA AT NEUNKIRCHEN—AN AIR-VIEW SHOWING THE "SPIDER'S WEB" REMAINS OF THE GAS-CONTAINER IN THE CENTRE; DAMAGED PLANT; AND THE WRECKAGE OF HOUSES DEMOLISHED BY THE EXPLOSION.



THE CENTRE OF THE DEVASTATED AREA—LOOKING AS THOUGH THE TOWN HAD BEEN SHELLS: AN AIR-VIEW OF THE WRECKAGE ABOUT THE REMAINS OF THE GAS-CONTAINER (PARTLY SEEN BEHIND THE SMOKE); WITH RUINED PLANT AND DEMOLISHED HOUSES.



SAVING SUCH SCANTY BELONGINGS AS HE COULD RECOVER: AN INHABITANT OF STRICKEN NEUNKIRCHEN REMOVING HOUSEHOLD GOODS ON A HAND-TRUCK.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS asked the other day, quite suddenly, by a total stranger in a barber's shop, what book I should recommend to a woman in a state of depression. He was quite an intelligent stranger, and he managed to make the question quite an intelligent and intelligible question. I stopped instantly to answer him, to the best of my ability, as naturally as I should have stopped to give him a light for his cigarette. And then, equally suddenly, I found myself confronted with the chasm that has opened between the present time and the time I most vividly remember. I was forced to ask myself the fundamental question: "What is to be said to the young pessimist, as distinct from the old pessimist?" I know all about the old pessimist. I have seen him wax and wane; I have seen him live and die. I know that it matters no more to-day that Swinburne said that the fruit of life is dust than that Byron said (much more truly) that there's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away. There was any amount of pessimism in the period in which I began to write. In fact, it was largely because of the pessimism that I did begin to write. The mere fact that I did begin to write, naturally, will be used as another argument on the side of the pessimist.

Nevertheless, there is a real issue involved. When I was a boy, the world really was divided into optimists and pessimists. Neither of the two terms is very philosophical; and perhaps neither of the two types were very real philosophers. But both the types were very real persons. You could not have made Walt Whitman a pessimist except by murdering the real Walt Whitman. You could not have turned Thomas Hardy into an optimist except by torturing him into something totally different from Thomas Hardy. A real fight was fought, a real controversy was engaged, in that Victorian era which some imagine to have been so stolid and unanimous. It was not, on the surface, a religious controversy. It prided itself, so to speak, on being an entirely irreligious controversy. Whitman was quite as much of a Freethinker as Hardy. He had the same facts of the material world before him; he had the same disdain of invoking any immaterial facts to assist him. The question was, quite simply: "Is Life worth living?" Even if Life is only what is involved in the word Biology. Putting aside immortality, is Life worth living? Putting aside heaven, is earth worth living in?

Now, when I was young, there were a number of writers who would say (in Mr. Asquith's famous phrase) that the answer is in the affirmative. They only depended slightly and indirectly, or at least in very differing degrees, on any help outside this world. Browning was certainly on the side of religious belief, on the whole.

Meredith was certainly against religious belief, on the whole. Stevenson, though he often used phrases expressing his sympathy with religion, did, on the whole, base his confidence on ideas apart from religion. But the point is that, in that older literary atmosphere, I should instantly have answered anybody who was depressed by saying, "Read Stevenson!", or "Read Browning!", or "Read Meredith!" And something suddenly told me, in the silence of the barber's shop, that it is no longer any good to tell pessimistic people to read these optimistic writers. Not that there is anything

the matter with the optimistic writers. What is the matter is with the pessimistic people. But what is the matter with them?

It looks as if the old enquirers, from Job to John Galsworthy, wanted to be convinced that it was all right. It looks to me as if many modern enquirers only want to be convinced that it is all wrong. To bring them good news is to bring them bad news. For instance, suppose we could prove to the interminable procession of young Pacifists, who tell us that the Great War was an act of horrible cruelty, that it was an act of really unavoidable human necessity. I do not mean that I propose to prove

modern young woman) really wants to be a pessimist. Now I do not believe that Thomas Hardy really wanted to be a pessimist. On the contrary, it seems to me that he took every incidental opportunity to avoid being a pessimist. Whenever he could describe the glories of the glowing southern landscape of England, he described it for the sake of its own beauty; he made his hills and valleys even more vivid than his men and women. There are passages in his novels which I still remember, alas! long after I have forgotten the novels. I can remember an impression of sweeping and splendid pasturage, ending with a line of noble and uplifted trees. But to the new pessimist it would seem a stretch of flat vegetation, ending in some unusually large vegetables. That, it seems to me, is the trouble just now; not that so many people have found reasons for discontent, as there are always reasons for discontent, but that so many people wish to be discontented. So many people are discontented unless they can be discontented.

Little as I know of the original private problem mentioned in the barber's shop, I know it is not a case of this kind. I took it merely as a text for a wandering speculation; and the speculation has wandered very far. Nevertheless, I think it is one worth pursuing, in the hope of finding its logical end, which I do not profess to have found here. To put the matter very crudely: in the Victorian time even the atheists could be optimists. In the present Georgian time, the atheists are resolved to be pessimists. A man of genius like George Meredith could essentially, if not avowedly, pit Nature against God. A man of genius like Mr. Aldous Huxley is much more annoyed with Nature than he is with God. When I was a boy, I would have told any girl who was depressed to read "Treasure Island" and cheer up; therein doubtless under-rating the complexity, nay, perversity, of girls. But I should have supposed that the fighting spirit of Stevenson was a real angle of attack upon life. What is much more important, Stevenson certainly thought it was a real angle of attack upon life. If I had been looking for optimists to answer pessimists like Schopenhauer and Hardy, I could instantly have turned to Browning or Whitman. And I will confess that, while I have myself found what I hold to be deeper justification of the glory of living, I still think that those jolly Pagans of the Victorian time, like Whitman and Meredith, made out a good case for life. What I want to know is why those who are now boys, as I was then a boy, are so strangely and stubbornly twisted towards making a case against life? We also were morbid, because we were boys; we also were maniacs, because we were boys; we were quite capable of killing ourselves, because of the positive beauty of a particular

woman; we also were quite capable of killing somebody else, because of the positive justice of a particular revolution. But it was always because of the positive goodness of a particular good thing. Why is it that so many people only want to make a case for the negative badness, not only of a bad thing, but of all things as being bad? The present generation has had more pleasure and enjoyment than any previous generation. Is that the right way of stating the riddle? Or is that the answer?



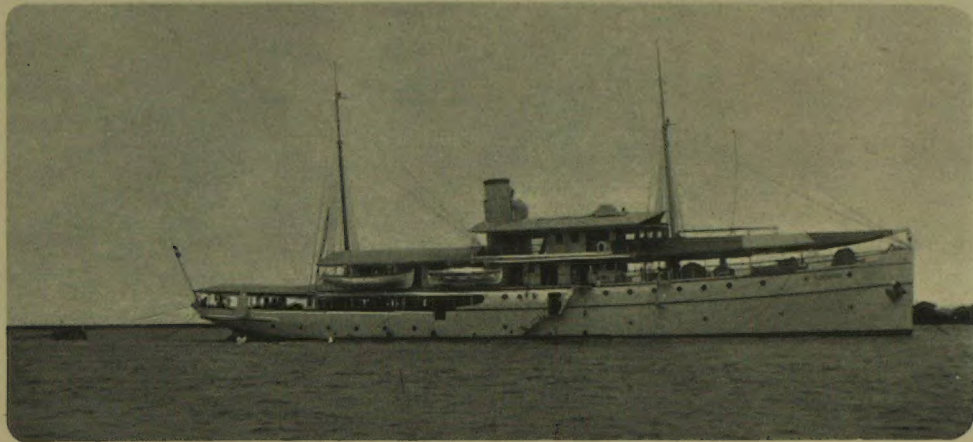
THE TROOPER WHO BECAME A FIELD-MARSHAL AND CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM ROBERTSON, BT., WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON FEBRUARY 12.

Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson, the only man who has ever risen from being a trooper in a cavalry regiment to the highest rank in the Army, died at his residence in London on February 12. His was one of the most astonishing careers that the Army has ever known. Born in 1860, he enlisted in the 16th Lancers at the age of seventeen, and after eleven years in the ranks was granted a commission. Posted to India as a subaltern, Robertson revealed his extraordinary industry and pertinacity by setting himself to master several native languages, and then by working to enter the Staff College. After succeeding in this in 1896, a truly wonderful feat in one of his education and upbringing, he showed a genius for organisation, and his rise was rapid. By 1913 he was a Major-General, and in that year became Director of Military Training. In 1914 he went to France as Quartermaster-General, soon becoming Chief of the General Staff in the Field. Towards the close of 1915 he accepted the appointment of Chief of the Imperial General Staff in London, a post which he held until succeeded by Sir Henry Wilson in 1917. He was promoted Field-Marshal in 1920, and finally left the Army in 1921.

it now, though I could make out a much stronger case for it than they imagine. But suppose, merely logically, and for the sake of an abstract argument, that it could be proved. Would the young pessimists be pleased? Would they instantly become young optimists? Would their refined features light up with joy and jollification; and would they be instantly reconciled to nationality and normal living? I fancy not. I fancy that the modern young man (after my alarm in the barber's shop, I avoid the topic of the



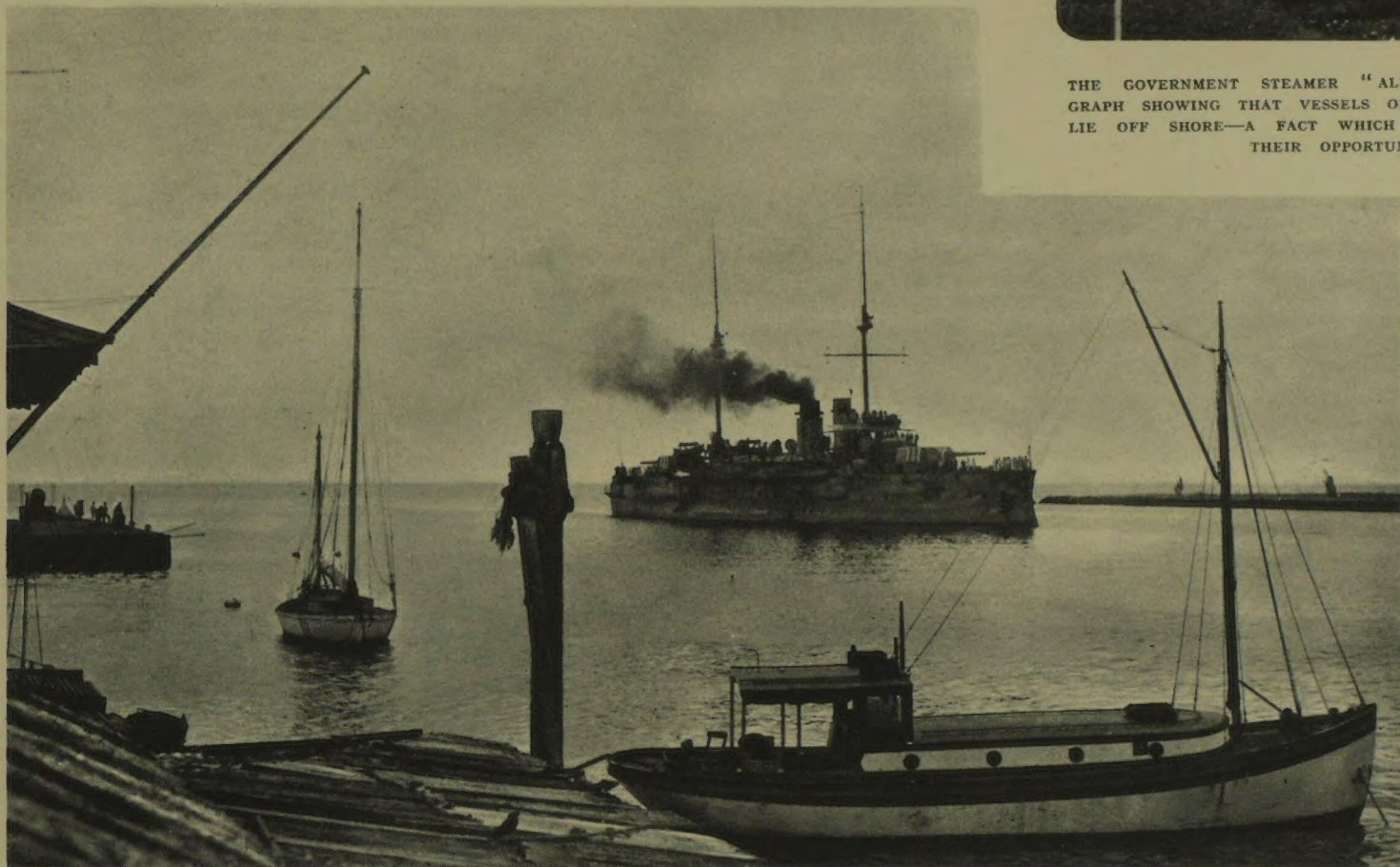
## THE DUTCH BATTLE-SHIP BOMBED BY A DUTCH SEAPLANE: THE MUTINY ON "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIE."



THE "ALDEBARAN," IN WHICH THE COMMANDER OF THE MUTINOUS "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIE" SET OFF IN PURSUIT OF HIS SHIP, BEFORE TRANSFERRING TO THE "ERIDANUS": AN UNARMED STEAMER NORMALLY FOR THE USE OF THE GOVERNOR.



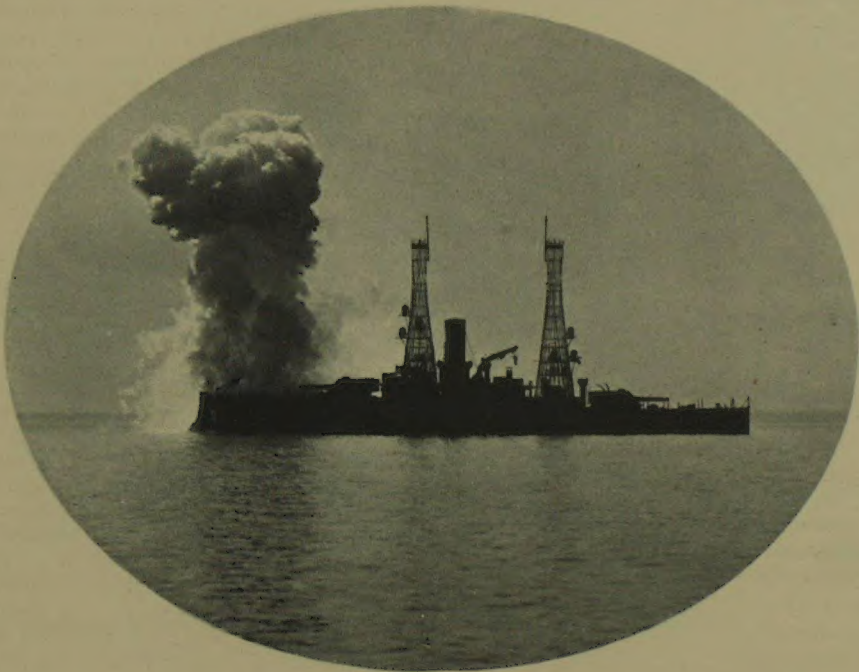
THE GOVERNMENT STEAMER "ALDEBARAN": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THAT VESSELS OF DEEP DRAUGHT MUST LIE OFF SHORE—A FACT WHICH GAVE THE MUTINEERS THEIR OPPORTUNITY.



THE DUTCH BATTLE-SHIP "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIE," WHICH WAS SEIZED BY HER NATIVE CREW, BUT SOON FORCED TO SURRENDER BY A 100-LB. BOMB DROPPED FROM A DUTCH SEAPLANE, WHICH DID GREAT HAVOC.

A VERY remarkable naval episode began on February 5, when the native crew of "De Zeven Provinciën," which was lying off the port of Oleh-Leh, in the north of Sumatra, took the opportunity, when the captain and most of the Dutch officers were ashore, to imprison the remaining officers, seize the ship, and then sail away. The mutineers were prompted by a proposed reduction in pay. They proceeded slowly down the west coast of Sumatra, pursued by the captain and his staff first in the "Aldebaran" and later in the "Eridanus." Meanwhile a Dutch squadron, consisting of a cruiser, two destroyers, six sea-

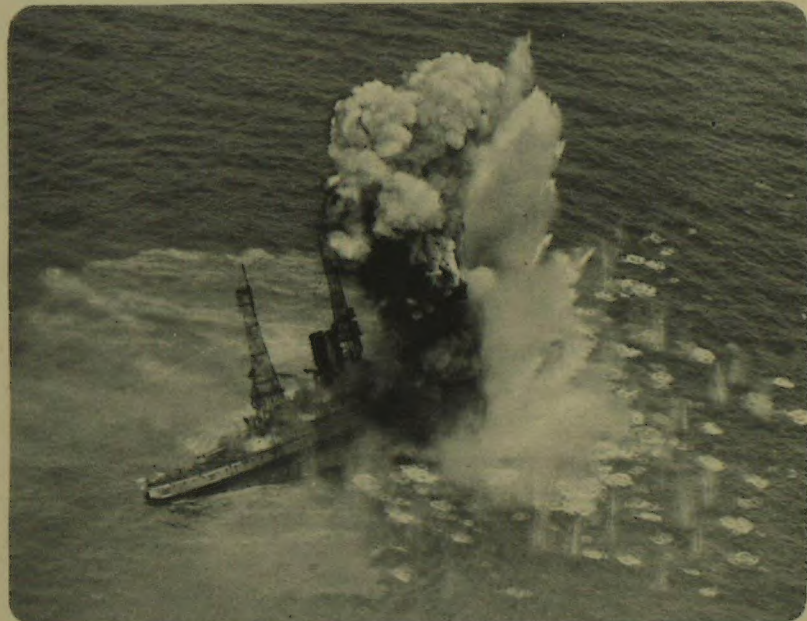
[Continued below.]



THE HAVOC THAT CAN BE CAUSED ON A WAR-SHIP BY A BOMB DROPPED FROM THE AIR: AN AMERICAN TEST ATTACK—WITH EFFECTS AS ON "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIE."

[Continued.]

planes and other ships, set out to intercept "De Zeven Provinciën," and met it on February 10 off the south-easternmost point of Sumatra. The mutineers were given ten minutes in which to surrender unconditionally, and, when they disobeyed, the seaplanes were sent over the battle-ship and dropped a 100-lb. bomb on her. The bomb found its mark with such effect as to end the mutiny on the spot.



TWO 1100-LB. BOMBS DROPPED ON A BATTLE-SHIP—EACH ELEVEN TIMES HEAVIER THAN THAT USED ON "DE ZEVEN PROVINCIE," WHICH ENDED ITS MUTINY.

Eighteen men (fifteen of them natives) were killed outright, four died later from their wounds, and great havoc was done on board. According to one of the Dutch officers imprisoned on the ship, the funnels were shattered, flames broke out, the bridge was swept away, and the deck armour and battle-signal station were completely destroyed. Surviving mutineers were taken to Onrust Island.



# ARISTOCRATS OF THE SHOW BENCH BREEDS—AND "BRAMSHAW BOB,"



KEESHOND—A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE WINNER: LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. WINGFIELD DIGBY'S "KONSTANT VAN ZAANDAM."



DANDIE DINMONT—A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE WINNER: MRS. SUSAN MCDONNELL'S "DARENTH JANIBELL."



BLOODHOUND—THE BEST BITCH OF HER BREED: MRS. ELMS'S "CH. CHATLEY TRUELASS."



PEKINGESE—CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE AND FIRST IN THE TOY DOG CLASS: MRS. C. ASHTON CROSS'S "CH. FUCHOW PALADIN."



KERRY BLUE—A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE WINNER: MRS. V. E. HANDY'S "PRINCE OF GREY RAT."



COCKER SPANIEL—JUDGED THE BEST OF ITS BREED: MR. H. S. LLOYD'S "WHOOPEE OF WARE."



THE JUDGING IN PROGRESS AT CRUFT'S: AN INTERNATIONAL SHOW WHEN BY HUNDREDS



FINSPELT—THE BEST OF ITS BREED: MRS. H. L. MOULTON'S "FINSPELT MINKA."

CRUFT'S world-famous annual dog show was held at the Royal Agricultural Hall on February 8 and 9. More than 3000 dogs, of eighty breeds and varieties, received the attention of sixty judges, some of whom had come from America and the Continent. For the second year in succession, Lady Howe's Labrador, "Champion Bramshaw Bob," was judged the best of all exhibits at the show—having achieved a similar honour at the Kennel Club Show last October. Among the many familiar breeds to be seen at Cruft's,

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS (EXCEPT JUDGING AND

# AT CRUFT'S: CHAMPIONS OF THEIR THE CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.



WELSH CORGI—A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE WINNER: CAPTAIN G. CHECKLAND-WILLIAMS'S "CLARION OF CWMRAIDR."



EIGHTY BREEDS WERE EXHIBITED, SOME OF THEM REPRESENTED OF ENTRIES.



LAKELAND TERRIER—WINNER OF THE BREED, AWARD: MRS. GRAHAM SPENCE'S "EGTON LADY OF THE LAKE."

some represented by hundreds of entries, there was a sprinkling of the more exotic varieties—keeshonds, schnauzers, griffons, Brussels, and Welsh corgis. Two breeds were newcomers to the show—Finspelt, an old tribal hunting dog of Finland, and a Northern Tibetan hunting dog or shakya, a handsome prize-winner. Because of the quarantine regulations, Continental exhibits could not be brought, but many of the more familiar foreign breeds are strongly held in this country, so that the show was truly international.

FUCHOW PALADIN" BY THOS. FALL, BAKER STREET.



WIRE FOX TERRIER—WINNER OF THE BREED AWARD: MR. J. F. HITCHINGS'S "AMAM STORM."



FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION MADE THE BEST OF ALL EXHIBITS AT CRUFT'S: LORNA LADY HOWE'S FAMOUS LABRADOR, "CH. BRAMSHAW BOB," CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.



NORTH TIBETAN HUNTING DOG—A NEW BREED AT CRUFT'S: MISS M. SELLAR'S "KATTUK OF MORVEN," CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE WINNER.



FIELD SPANIEL—JUDGED THE BEST OF ITS BREED AMONG A GREAT NUMBER OF ENTRIES: MR. J. A. JEFFERSON'S "PRINCE OF PAKWOOD."



BULLDOG—JUDGED THE BEST BITCH OF HER BREED: MR. W. J. EDWARDS'S "CH. MOUNTAIN LASSIE."



# BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN the future, the twentieth century will probably be known as the Early Air Age. The invention of flight is the outstanding mark of our civilisation, but if we are not careful it may leave little else but a mark. Just now, however, I am concerned not with the next war but the last, and trying to recall whether any bygone prophets gave us warning of the wrath to come from the air. I remember the late John Galsworthy (before 1914, I think) deploring the fact that, whenever science produced some new wonder, with vast potentialities either for good or evil, the military mind would straightway seize on it for purposes of destruction; and he pleaded, hopelessly, of course, that such might not be the fate of the aeroplane and the airship. The anthologist seeking fresh fields of research might collect early predictions of air warfare in poetry and prose. I believe there is something in Gray; but the only example I can quote at the moment is Tennyson's familiar "dip into the future," when he—

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,  
With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm.

That forecast was fulfilled with some exactitude, and only minor modifications in detail, over the Western Front and elsewhere during the war. The deadly aerial jousting of those days is brilliantly portrayed, alike by pen and camera, in that much-discussed book, "DEATH IN THE AIR." The War Diary and Photographs of a Flying Corps Pilot. With forty-eight Illustrations (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.). This anonymous volume, about whose authorship and personal allusions is preserved a close air of reticence and mystery, achieves beyond all question the "altitude record" in sensation. The photographs, admirably reproduced, may safely be described as among the most dramatic and astonishing that have ever been taken in the air. The Diary itself, well peppered with camp slang, is written with an unusually sustained raciness of style and vivid descriptive power seldom found in the personal records of fighting men. However breezy and humorous, in describing their experiences, they may be in private talk, they are not always able to reproduce it on paper, or to maintain, as here, the same vein throughout, worthy of creative work by a practised hand. The publishers understand that the diarist was eventually killed in action in 1918.

The poet is justified of his phrase, "plunging through the thunder-storm." I believe the modern gliding-man rather likes to ride "above the thunder," but our author seems to have found it worse than any aerial "dog-fight." Thus, one entry reads: "Thunderstorm played hell with us this morning when we were on patrol over Hun lines. . . . Suddenly tremendous bluish light illuminated sky for second and within fifty feet of me was a Hun two-seater. Obs., sheltering his face, was facing me. Then blackness came over everything and deafening clap of thunder split the air. Evidently the Hun agreed with me—'to hell with everything, only let me get on solid ground again.'"

How do the birds regard the invasion of their domain by man? Having no more works on aviation, I turn instead to a considerable flight of books about Nature's aircraft, which have for some time been settling on my table. They are of special interest just now, as I notice that Lord Buckmaster is introducing a Bill to limit the caging of wild birds. The latest volume to hand is "BIRDS OF WESTMORLAND AND THE NORTHERN PENNINES." By J. Oliver Wilson. With 153 Illustrations (Hutchinson; 18s.). This is a beautifully produced book, and the many excellent close-up photographs of wild birds in their native haunts bear witness to inexhaustible patience. With the war pilot's description of flying in a storm may be contrasted the reactions of certain birds to thunder. Thus the author describes the intelligence of a pair of waterfowl (oyster-catchers) in removing their chicks to a safe place on the approach of a tempest.

Although I do not set up to be a bird-watcher, I am reminded by Mr. Wilson's chapter on the blackbird of a little incident that occurred last year in my garden. A stout wood-pigeon was rather monopolising the crumbs thrown out, and a blackbird apparently took up the cudgels on behalf of the other birds. First from the ground, and

then from the top of the fence, he made a series of attacks on the pigeon, flying at him straight and fast from some distance, until finally he registered a direct hit with the "gold dagger" of his bill. Feathers flew and the pigeon retired hurt, with the blackbird in pursuit. Mr. Wilson writes: "The blackbird may be called the guardian of the woods, as few enemies of woodland birds, be it owl, stoat, or cat, can enter or even prowl through the undergrowth of a wood without (his) detection."

I have never yet been able to recognise the song of birds from a written description. The only method of learning the various bird songs seems to be by personal observation or instruction from an expert. Once, indeed, I managed to identify by telescope a blackbird singing on a neighbour's

and the chase of the boar. The only good result of the war, Mr. Buxton remarks, was the reintroduction of wild pig to districts where they had long been unknown.

Something of the wonderful wealth of bird life in the British Empire can be realised from such a book as "AUSTRALIAN FINCHES IN BUSH AND AVIARY." By Neville W. Cayley. President of the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales. Author of "What Bird is That?" (Sydney: Angus and Robertson, Ltd.; London: Australian Book Co.; 12s. 6d.). The colour-plates are among the finest I have seen of their kind, and show that the Australian cousins of our own finches are birds of extraordinary beauty; many of the species, especially the Gouldian finches, having a brilliance and variety of hue rivalling that of the parakeet and the budgerigar. Mr. Cayley offers his very interesting book as "the first attempt to combine all that is known about Australian finches from the viewpoints of aviculturist and ornithologist."

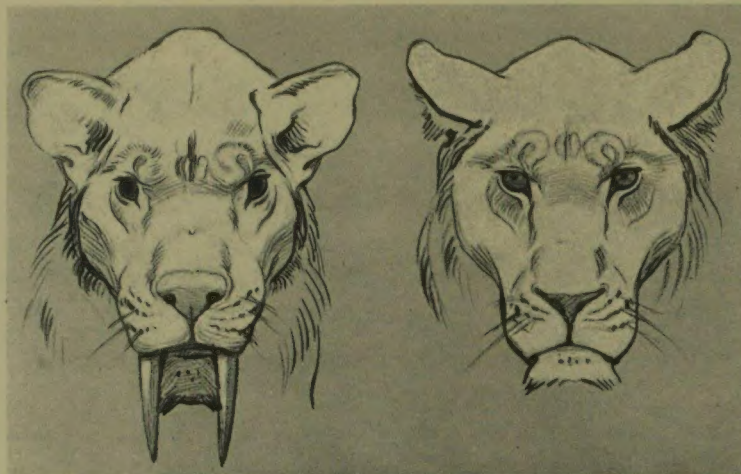
Returning to homeland books, I find many beautiful nature photographs and interesting records of personal observation in "CLOSE-UPS OF BIRDS." By H. N. Southern. Foreword by Sir Gerald du Maurier. Illustrated (Hutchinson; 15s.). It is lucky for London playgoers that Sir Gerald du Maurier apparently missed his vocation. "I would give years of my life," he writes, "especially those years, or could it only have been months, that I spent in an office in the City, earning eight bob a week, with a firm that smashed—to have had the time and opportunity to study birds as he has done, and describe what I had seen in the same vivid fashion."

Another book—of an informative rather than a descriptive nature—that should appeal to Sir Gerald is "WATER-FOWL AND GAME-BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY."

Some Notes on Habits and Management. By Arthur F. Moody. Illustrated from Photographs (Witherby; 10s. 6d.). One specially intriguing passage that I have noticed is that describing the courtship of the capercaillie. The author mentions that the book is an account of birds kept at Scampston Hall, Yorkshire, by his late employer, Mr. W. H. St. Quintin.

Birds as well as animals, reptiles, insects, flowers and other phases of nature find due place in a charming little book of essays on English country life called "THE COMMON EARTH." By E. L. Grant Watson. Introduction by T. Sturge Moore. Illustrated (Dent; 5s.). Few, perhaps, outside Falloodon would ever suspect the duck of being a sentimental creature, but Mr. Watson pays tribute to its romantic love-making and illustrates his point with an amusing anecdote.

Another of Mr. Watson's chapters, "English Snakes and Their Ways," leads me to an exciting book on the far deadlier reptiles of South Africa, namely, "SNAKES." By F. W. Fitzsimons. Director of the Port Elizabeth Museum and Snake Park. With forty-four Illustrations (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). Mr. Fitzsimons recently contributed to our pages a thrilling article on encounters with the death-dealing black mamba. Here he includes, among



GREAT CATS OF 100,000 YEARS AGO WHOSE SKELETONS (ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE) WERE FOUND IN CALIFORNIAN ASPHALT-BEDS: HEADS OF THE SABRE-TOOTH CAT (LEFT) AND THE GREAT TRUE CAT.

Restoration Drawings by Charles R. Knight. (See opposite page.)

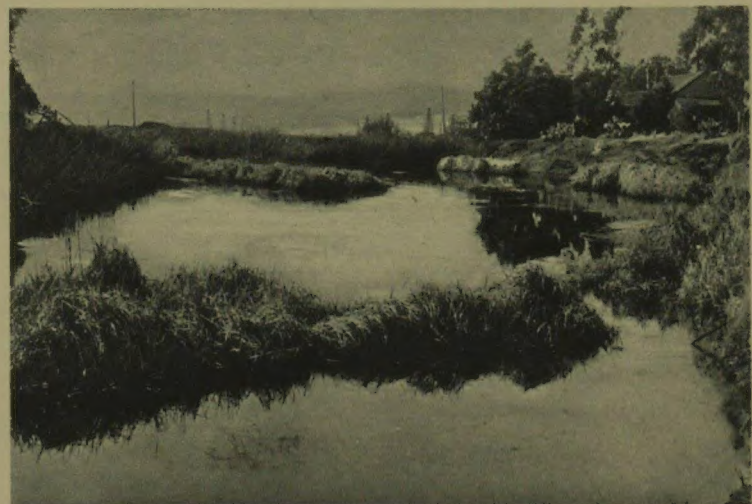
roof. Efforts to convey in words the notes of some score of species occur, incidentally, in a charming book called "THE NIGHTINGALE: ITS STORY AND SONG." And Other Familiar Song-Birds of Britain. By Oliver G. Pike. With twenty-four Photographs by the Author (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.). I was reminded of the nightingale the other day on visiting the Keats Museum in Hampstead, where I saw the poet's original draft of his celebrated ode. Curiously enough, Mr. Pike does not mention it among his literary allusions, though he cites less familiar passages from Virgil and "The Compleat Angler."

Until I heard the nightingale on the wireless, I confess to having been a little vague as to its vocal powers. Mr. Pike gives some interesting advice as to the best way of getting a record of the "immortal bird." "Time after time," he writes, "I have proved that if you want to get the best efforts out of a nightingale, you must provide an opposition

entertainment that will almost drown its song. The raucous noise of a klaxon motor-horn will often start a bird singing. I suggest that the British Broadcasting Company . . . should provide a battery of big drums within a hundred yards of the singer."

The nightingale, it seems, finds thunder stimulating, and even artillery fails to silence it. Mr. Pike recalls hearing one in tragic circumstances in 1916, when in the trenches beside a French wood. "It would have been difficult," he says, "to have found a greater contrast than that between the beautiful harmony of his song and the awful discord of the bursting shells. But . . . a shell burst under the singer, the tree in which it was perched was blown to matchwood, and the small bird was killed, together with five brave men who were near."

It is interesting to pass from the above record of bird behaviour on the battlefield to a book largely concerning the birds which haunt a region devoted to ensuing peace—I mean "SPORTING INTERLUDES AT GENEVA." By Anthony Buxton. With sixty-six Photographs (Country Life; 10s. 6d.). Among many others, the author describes the birds visible from a League of Nations window. Apart from the nature-study chapters, the sporting side of the book relates to fishing, beagling,



A NATURAL DEATH-TRAP IN WHICH ANIMALS AND BIRDS HAVE BEEN ENGULFED SINCE REMOTE AGES: ASPHALT-BEDS WITH A DECEPTIVE SURFACE OF WATER, NEAR LOS ANGELES.

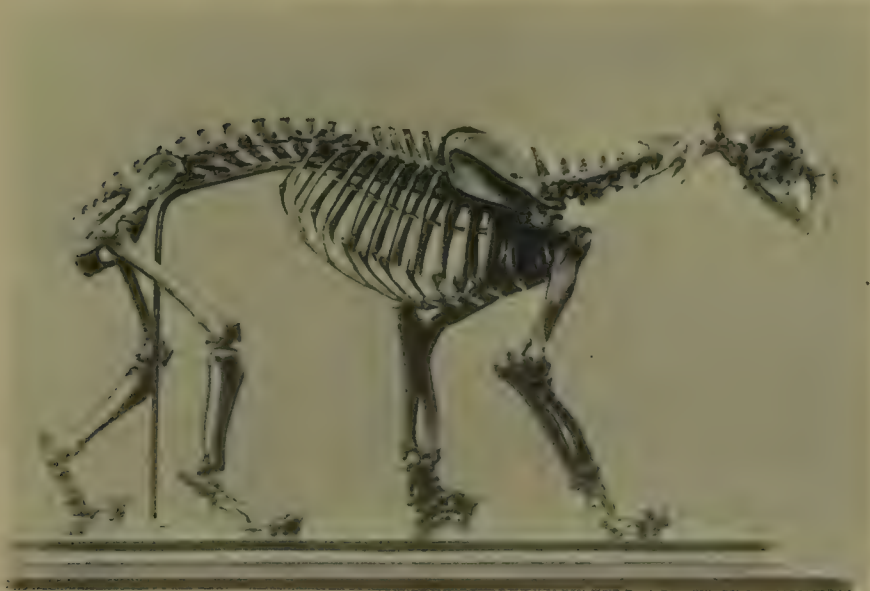
(See Illustrations and Description on the opposite page.)

many other hair-raising adventures with snakes, an account of a battle royal between a black mamba and a pair of secretary birds. The mamba, I am glad to note, came off third best. C. E. B.

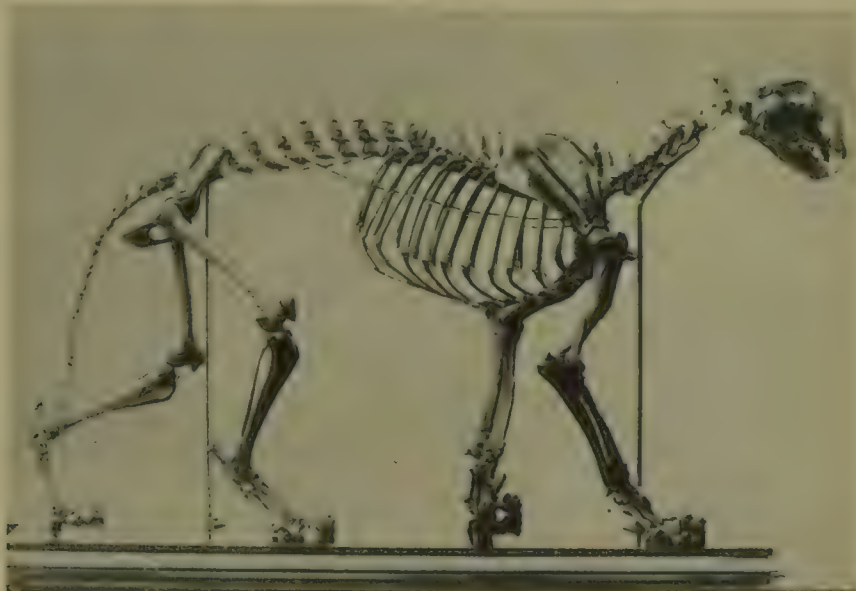


# SABRE-TOOTH AND LION-LIKE CATS: SKELETONS FOUND IN ASPHALT.

ILLUSTRATIONS AND NOTES BY COURTESY OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION OF WASHINGTON. (SEE ALSO ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



A MOUNTED SKELETON OF THE SABRE-TOOTH CAT (*SMILODON CALIFORNICUS*), ALMOST 3 FT. HIGH, IN THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM: ONE OF OVER 1000 WHOSE BONES WERE RECOVERED FROM ASPHALT DEPOSITS.



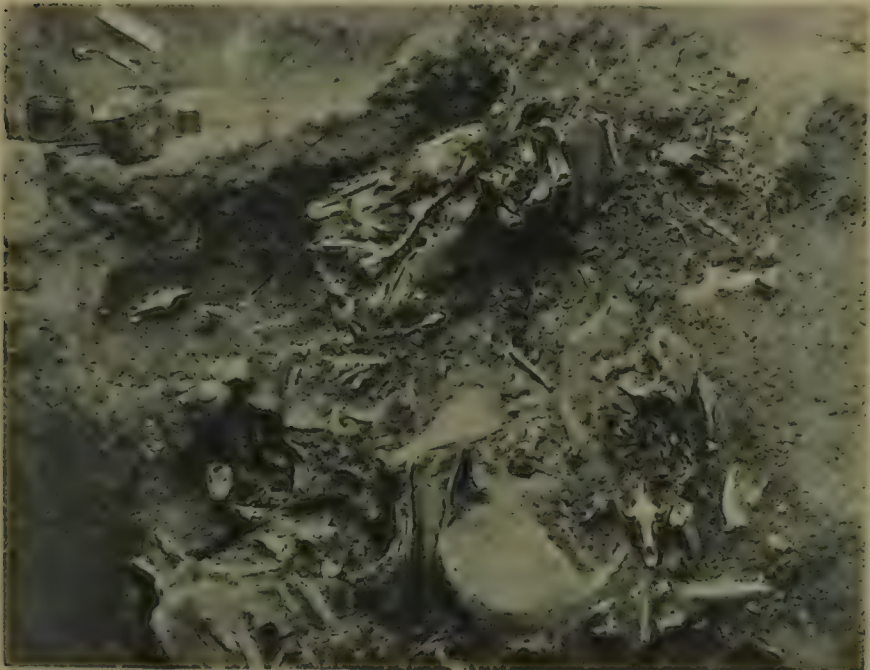
A MOUNTED SKELETON OF THE GREAT TRUE CAT (*FELIS ATROX*), NEARLY 4 FT. HIGH, IN THE LOS ANGELES MUSEUM: A LION-LIKE EXTINCT SPECIES, REMAINS OF WHICH ARE LESS FREQUENT IN THE ASPHALT DEPOSITS.



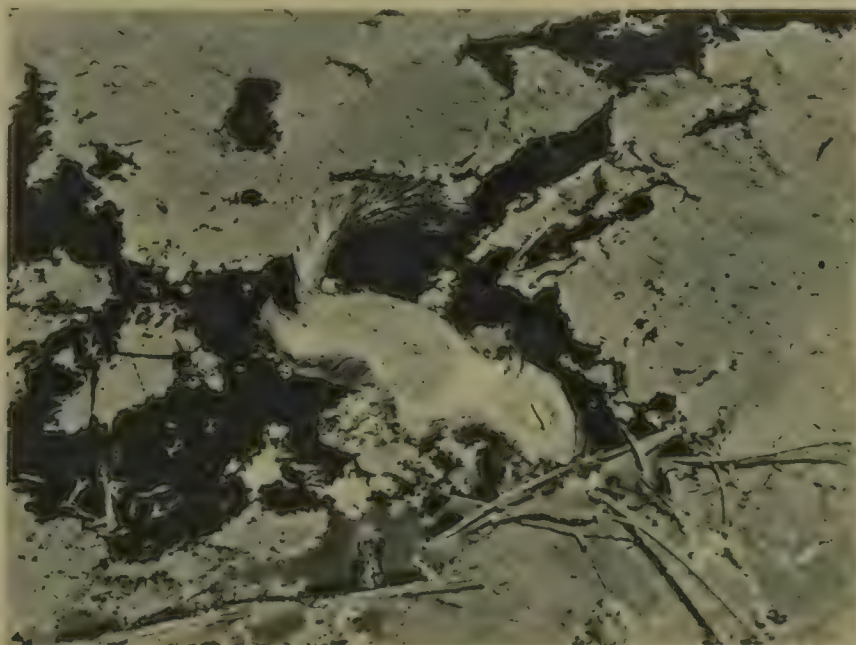
ABOUT THE SIZE OF THE MODERN LION OR TIGER: THE SABRE-TOOTH CAT DISCOVERED IN ASPHALT BEDS IN CALIFORNIA—A RESTORATION DRAWING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT UNDER THE DIRECTION OF DR. JOHN C. MERRIAM.



LARGER THAN THE LIVING AFRICAN LION BY FULLY ONE-FOURTH: THE GREAT LION-LIKE TRUE CAT (*FELIS ATROX*) OF 100,000 YEARS AGO IN CALIFORNIA—A RESTORATION DRAWING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.



THE RICHEST SINGLE DEPOSIT OF PREHISTORIC ANIMAL SKELETONS EVER DISCOVERED: SOME OF THE 3,000,000 BONES FOUND, IN TANGLED MASSES, IN THE ASPHALT BEDS AT RANCHO LA BREA, HERE SEEN *IN SITU*.



A GROUND-SQUIRREL CAUGHT IN THE DEATH-TRAP AT RANCHO LA BREA, AS ANIMALS AND WILD FOWL WERE CAUGHT AGES AGO: "A MODERN VICTIM OF THE ASPHALT THAT STILL ENGULFS UNWARY CREATURES, INCLUDING CATS, DOGS, FOWLS, AND COYOTES.

More than 3,000,000 bones of prehistoric animals, mostly in perfect preservation, have been recovered during recent years from the asphalt deposits of Rancho La Brea, near Los Angeles, in Southern California. They include skeletons of elephants, camels, extinct horses and bison, sloths, giant bears, a huge extinct wolf, and many beasts and birds hitherto unknown. A recent Bulletin issued by the Carnegie Institution of Washington describes the site as "the richest single deposit of the skeletal remains of animals of an earlier geologic age ever discovered," and states that the Los Angeles Museum contains "the most complete representation of the skeletons of Pleistocene animals ever obtained." The Bulletin itself deals in particular with two extinct types of great cats (illustrated here and on the opposite page)

and gives a fascinating account of their structure, aspect, and habits, and of the way in which they and the other creatures were engulfed in the natural death-trap of sticky tar, to be preserved therein for the benefit of scientists thousands of years afterwards. Next to the giant wolf, the largest quantity of fossil remains recovered from the asphalt are those of the sabre-tooth cat, of which over 1000 individual skeletons have been pieced together. It is named from the elongation of the upper canines into long thin sabres. The great true cat, *Felis atrox*, has a massive head. It attacked its prey like the lion or tiger. "*Felis atrox*," we read, "was either less numerous than *Smilodon* or it yielded less frequently to the lure of the flesh-baited tar pools, the ratios of the skeletons recovered being as 1 to 30."



# THE AUSTRALIAN PROTEST: LEG-THEORY IN THE THIRD TEST MATCH.



VOCE'S LEG-TRAP IN AUSTRALIA'S FIRST INNINGS: PONSFORD, WHO WAS TOP SCORER WITH 85, GLANCES A BALL TO FINE LEG PAST VERITY.



AUSTRALIA'S STAR BATSMAN FALLS TO LARWOOD'S LEG-TRAP: BRADMAN CAUGHT BY ALLEN AT SQUARE LEG OFF A FAST BALL ON THE BODY.



THREE FIELDSMEN CLOSE IN ON THE LEG SIDE: A FINE PICTURE OF VOCE'S LEG-TRAP IN THE TEST MATCH AT ADELAIDE—METHODS THAT BROUGHT ABOUT AUSTRALIA'S OFFICIAL PROTEST; WITH WOODFULL BATTING, AND PONSFORD AT THE OTHER END.



THE STRAIGHT BALL FROM LARWOOD THAT OLDFIELD DEFLECTED ON TO HIS HEAD, THEREBY BEING INCAPACITATED FOR FURTHER PLAY IN THAT AND THE FOLLOWING TEST MATCH—RICHARDSON TOOK HIS PLACE AS WICKET-KEEPER IN ENGLAND'S SECOND INNINGS.



WOODFULL STRUCK OVER THE HEART BY A BALL FROM LARWOOD IN AUSTRALIA'S FIRST INNINGS, AFTER WHICH HE CONTINUED BATTING, ALTHOUGH IN GREAT PAIN.

The third Test Match began at Adelaide on January 13, and was won by England by 338 runs. The match was unfortunately marred by a certain atmosphere of friction inimical to the best interests of cricket; and, while it was in progress, the Australian Board of Control, as mentioned in our issue of January 28, sent a cable to the M.C.C. protesting against the "unsportsmanlike" methods of the English bowlers. In a later cable to the M.C.C. the offending word was withdrawn. The Australian protest was to some extent inspired by accidents to Woodfull and Oldfield from Larwood's bowling, both of which incidents are

illustrated on this page. Although our photographs might seem to indicate somewhat sensational play, it should be emphasised that nothing really exceptional occurred. The ball that injured Oldfield, although bowled to a leg field, was not a leg-theory ball. The actual play was interesting and very fluctuating. England won the toss and batted first, but made a disastrous start, four wickets being down for 30. Leyland, Wyatt, Paynter, and Verity then pulled the game round, and the innings closed for 341. Australia made 222. Consistent English batting in the second innings realised 412; and Australia were out for 193.



## THE FIRST GLIDER-POSTMAN: A PIONEER MOTOR-LESS FLIGHT WITH MAILS.



ON THE WAY TO THE STARTING-POINT NEAR VIENNA: HERR ROBERT KRONFELD'S BIG GLIDER, "AUSTRIA II.," BEING HAULED OVER SNOW BY A TRACTOR.

JANUARY 27, 1933, has become an important date in the history of gliding. For the first time mails were carried by glider, the task being entrusted to the famous Viennese gliding "ace," Herr Robert Kronfeld, whose glider, "Austria II.," was specially fitted out for the purpose. The distance to be flown (from the aerodrome at Aspern, near Vienna, to Semmering) was 100 kilometres (about 62 miles), and the postal bags weighed about 100 kilogrammes. The flight was a complete success, and Kronfeld duly landed at Semmering, having thus proved that gliding is not merely a sport, but has its practical uses. He experienced very bad weather, and had to glide over snow-covered mountains through icy winds, with bad visibility. Such was the cold that the airman who followed him, in a motor-driven aeroplane, had to warm and thaw his

*[Continued below on right.]*



ONE MINUTE AFTER THE START: THE GLIDER "AUSTRIA II." (IN THE AIR, ON LEFT) TOWED BY AN AEROPLANE (RIGHT) TO A HEIGHT OF 4900 FT., WHERE SHE WAS CAST LOOSE.



THE SUCCESSFUL CONCLUSION OF THE FIRST MAIL-CARRYING FLIGHT IN A GLIDER: HERR KRONFELD'S "AUSTRIA II." MAN-HAULED OVER SNOW AFTER LANDING ON ARRIVAL AT SEMMERING.

camera before taking the photographs of the glider in flight. At the start the glider was towed aloft by an aeroplane to a height of nearly 5000 ft., whereupon she was released and continued alone. In this connection it may be recalled that a Swiss pilot, Willy Farner, was recently towed in a glider by a small aeroplane across the Alps, from

*[Continued below.]*

THE MAIL-CARRYING GLIDER ABOVE MOUNTAINS: "AUSTRIA II." (IN THE AIR, LEFT CENTRE) STEERING TOWARDS RAX—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE (ITS STRUTS PARTLY VISIBLE IN FOREGROUND).



THE FIRST MAILS TO BE CARRIED BY A GLIDER: POST-BAGS IN A COMPARTMENT OF "AUSTRIA II.," WHICH CONVEYED THEM FROM VIENNA TO SEMMERING.



THE FAMOUS GLIDING "ACE" WHO MADE THE FIRST MAIL-CARRYING GLIDER FLIGHT: HERR KRONFELD (CENTRE) HAVING HIS PARACHUTE FIXED AND GIVING FINAL INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE THE START.

Zurich to Milan, flying over the St. Gothard region at 10,000 ft. The glider was unhooked over Milan at 8200 ft., and made a successful landing on the Taliedo Aerodrome. Herr Kronfeld, we may add, is well known in England, where he has given several demonstrations of gliding. His book, "Kronfeld on Gliding and Soaring," was reviewed in our issue of August 6 last. On July 24 he had had a narrow escape, by parachute, when his former machine, "Austria I.," crashed from a great height during a gliding contest on the Wasserkuppe, in the Rhön Mountains.



# THE OCTOPUS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"IVAR KREUGER, FINANCIER": By GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.\*

(PUBLISHED BY PETER DAVIES.)

THE late and unlamented Ivar Kreuger leaves behind him the reputation of having been, in his own chosen field of malefaction, the greatest criminal known to history; for no man before has ever committed a single act of forgery to the extent of twenty-five million pounds (as Kreuger did in the case of the Italian Treasury Bills), no man has ever caused a single company to default for as much as 135 million dollars (as Kreuger did in the case of the International Match Corporation), and no man has ever committed frauds of such colossal total proportions that figures

at first, but steadily consolidated itself, and within three years it had become the leading building firm in Stockholm, which it has remained, with steadily increasing resources, ever since. It is possible that if Kreuger had concentrated on his engineering abilities (of which he was very proud) he would have become one of the world's foremost builders; but by 1915 his interests had turned in another direction.

By family connections, Kreuger was acquainted with the Swedish match industry, and he saw and seized the great opportunity which a neutral country had during the Great War of supplying the belligerent Powers with matches. His first coup was to form a combine of a number of competing Swedish factories. Within the astonishingly short time of five years, this organisation had grown into one of world-wide proportions. It is far beyond the power of the present writer to describe the intricate financial operations by which this result was achieved. In the course of the next ten years, Kreuger spun such a web of companies, trusts, banks, "subsidiaries," and affiliations as has never before surrounded any one man. He introduced, in many different countries, the new and highly dangerous method of obtaining a monopoly in return for a loan to the State. We call it dangerous, because it obviously opens up every possibility of corruption and crooked political influence—and so events were to prove. Yet this megalomaniac, as unbridled, as ruthless, and as insensate in the field of finance as Buonaparte in the field of war, was hailed by economists as a great international benefactor, a Prince of Rationalisers; whereas he was, to the common sense of any plain man, an unprecedented menace to the whole of society. Governments vied with each other in doing him honour: newspapers (especially those which he owned) slobbered over him; kings invited him to their tables; and banks, at his nod, could not show

obscure personages who worked for him both in Sweden and abroad. They were never allowed to visit him at the office, but saw him at night in his various flats. Some of them functioned as directors, and at the same time book-keepers, of innumerable unsuspected subsidiary companies that could produce 'assets' and 'profits' at the master's command. Kreuger had such companies in many countries. . . . Many of them have not yet even been discovered, and some of their 'directors' are as yet unknown. Kreuger seems to have created a special company almost for every single transaction, and built up a system of them that was so hopelessly interlocked that he alone could understand and use it." And, to complete the picture, "an absolute orgy of bribery, corruption, abuse of power and confidence, criminal negligence, dishonesty, stupidity and incompetence has been revealed."

Mr. Soloveyitchik is inclined to make unnecessary mystery about the paradoxical character of Kreuger. "He was sincere and yet deceitful; naïve and yet cunning; reliable and yet a traitor; genuine and yet false; kind and yet inhuman; loving and lovable and yet cold; a visionary and yet a realist; a builder in every sense of the word and yet a gambler; a creative genius and yet a crook. Let the psychiatrists [sic] look for a solution of the Kreuger enigma." Are these Jekyll-and-Hyde characteristics really so puzzling? They are true of most of us: we are all a mass of contradictions, and we make our greatest mistakes about human nature because we persist in the delusion that people are habitually consistent mentally and morally. Kreuger's moral outlook is not difficult to explain. While there is no reason to suppose that he deliberately set out with the intention of plundering humanity (for few men do that), he must always have been naturally unscrupulous, and a little experience of the unlimited possibilities of credulity, greed, and venality led him to a profoundly cynical view of mankind. If one can only be cynical enough about one's fellow-creatures, there is scarcely any deception too gross to practise upon them. This is not to deny Kreuger's genuine gifts. He had extraordinary ability, industry, imagination, and memory. No doubt he also had lovable qualities, and many people were fond of him; but the same has been true of innumerable criminals, who are no more unadulterated Hydes than virtuous men are unadulterated Jekylls. And it has always to be remembered that a great deal of the homage which was paid to Kreuger sprang from the sycophancy which is the common lot of rich and powerful mortals.

What did Kreuger get out of it all? We read of his sumptuous flats all over the world, his vast and unnecessary stocks of clothes and personal possessions, his princely gifts, his secret concubines—all, probably, exaggerated by rumour, but, whether exaggerated or not, things of extremely limited satisfaction. The great urge seems to have been that appetite for power and importance to which man is incorrigibly addicted. And yet it must have been a bitter Fool's Paradise, for he cannot have failed to realise



MATCH KING, FINANCIER—AND CROOK: IVAR KREUGER.

Reproduced from "The Life of Ivar Kreuger," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publisher, Peter Davies, Ltd.

enough obsequious alacrity in producing millions for him. By 1927 he stood in such a position that he could condescend to make a loan of 75 million dollars to the French Republic. "Within a decade or so the legendary Swedish match manufacturer reached the heights of international finance occupied only by the Rothschilds, the Morgans, and other powerful banking dynasties. . . . The successful financier and industrialist had become one of the world's potentates, a supreme arbiter over the affairs of mankind." In the view of many humble members of the investing public, for such supreme arbiters 'twere better that a millstone were hanged round their neck, etc.

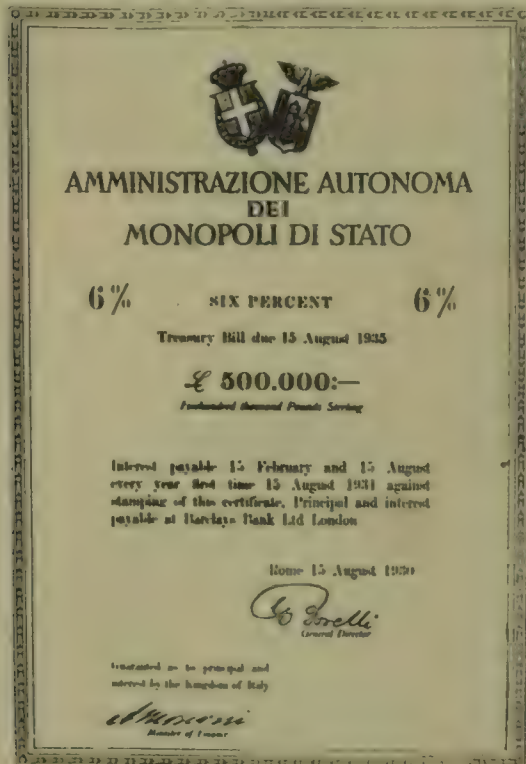
Of course the megalomaniac overreached himself. His match monopoly was accompanied by a vast Finance Trust which became more and more elusive in the pathless interstellar spaces of High Finance. And then the Insatiable, not content with matches, lusted after a world monopoly of the telephone. The L. M. Ericsson Company was the beginning of Kreuger's undoing, and when the great depression came, the game was up. The end is too recent in public memory to need description. At first there were only suspicions and whisperings, and then, with every day, the revelations became more and more staggering. For at least ten years, and probably throughout his whole career, the "supreme arbiter" had been a crook and a criminal on an unparalleled scale. Fraud and forgery were part of the day's work with him, and they had gone to the incredible extent of counterfeiting 25 million pounds' worth of government securities. Every act of his life was a lie, the great edifice of his wealth was a pitiful sham, and ruin lay all round him. And he was not only Kreuger, but a very Moriarty—the king crook of a great gang of crooks. "Kreuger had a whole retinue of doubtful and



WHERE IVAR KREUGER SHOT HIMSELF ON MARCH 12, 1932: THE FINANCIER'S PARIS HOME—A FLAT IN NO. 5, AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

that the crash must come sooner or later. Society at large gained nothing from all the grandiose schemes. With few exceptions, experience has shown that trustification on an unlimited scale can be accomplished only at the cost of ruin and rapine, and the means are not justified by an economically desirable end. The wise, honest, and public-spirited financier is a necessary and a beneficent part of all sound industry and enterprise; but there is something terribly wrong with a system which is at the mercy of a Kreuger octopus.

C. K. A.



FALSE ASSETS: ONE OF THE FORGED ITALIAN 6% TREASURY BONDS USED BY IVAR KREUGER IN A DESPERATE ENDEAVOUR TO SUSTAIN HIS CREDIT.

Kreuger claimed to have received £25,000,000 of Italian 6-per-cent Treasury Bonds in return for a secret loan. "He alone knew that the Bills locked up in his Stockholm safe were of his own manufacture." They were the last pawns in his game. Later, the Board of Italian Monopolies denied the authenticity of bonds and coupons.

simply cannot calculate them. It is not too much to say that Kreuger is one of the most sinister portents the world has ever seen. In his own person he exposed every radical weakness, every lurking danger, of our economic system: one such man is enough to create a million Bolsheviks. In particular, he exhibited, like many another marauder of modern times, the unlimited potentiality for evil of the incorporated company. There are radical theorists to-day who never tire of extolling the glories of "freedom of incorporation," nor of railing at such poor safeguards as the law provides against the reckless proliferation of these "legal entities." The life and works of Ivar Kreuger should serve to remind us what a formidable instrument of devastation the artificial personality of the corporation may become in the hands of a ruthless scoundrel. A long time ago a straight and downright thinker named Thomas Hobbes observed that corporations might easily become to the body politic "as worms in the entrails of a natural man." It is not a pretty simile, but lives of great crooks all remind us that it contains a truth.

Mr. Soloveyitchik has written a brief, clear, and, on the whole, judicious account of Kreuger, for a series which is entertainingly called "The Sinners' Library." We are not quite sure whether this description applies to the readers or the subjects of the books, but in the former case we prophesy a large public, and in the latter, a voluminous output. We understand that the series has no connection with a recent volume, of some popularity, which, being entitled "For Sinners Only," we have not read.

Kreuger, at the age of twenty, had qualified in Sweden as an engineer, and in 1900 he went, with a few dollars in his pocket, to try his fortune in the United States. After essays in real estate and railway construction, he got his first important task in Vera Cruz, building bridges. There is a story that at this period he saved a girl from drowning, and received a medal for his gallantry; Mr. Soloveyitchik, however, throws doubt on the affair, and hints that the medal was one of Kreuger's early (and meanest) frauds. He began to make a considerable reputation as a builder, especially in the then new method of steel and reinforced concrete, and he carried out—though not always with financial success—some important contracts in America, England, Germany, and South Africa. The well-known Flatiron Building in New York was one of his works. In 1908 Kreuger came in contact with the promising young Swedish engineer Paul Toll, and the firm of Kreuger and Toll was founded in Stockholm. It had some difficult times

\* "The Life of Ivar Kreuger, the Financier." By George Soloveyitchik. (Peter Davies; 5s.)



# THE THREE FRENCH REIGNS EXHIBITION: ART AND CRAFT FROM 1643 TO 1793—IN PARK LANE.



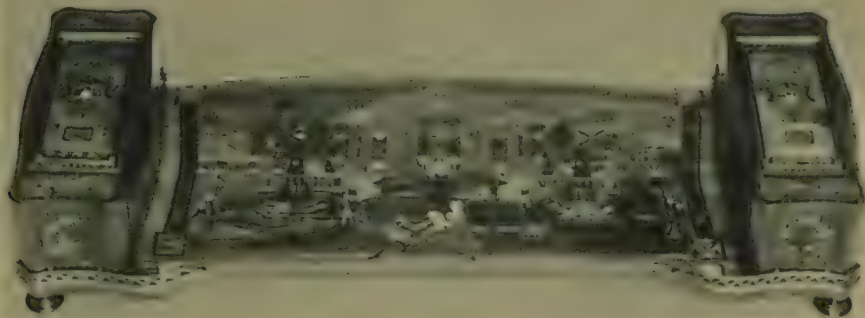
A SÈVRES PORCELAIN PORTRAIT OF QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE'S FAVOURITE DOG.  
This was found in the Tuileries after the fateful Tenth of August, 1792.  
*Lent by Lord Rosebery.*



MME. DE POMPADOUR'S DOG, "LINDABRIDE."—BY FRANÇOIS BOUCHER.  
*Lent by Lady Juliet Duff.*



CHINESE FAMILLE-ROSE HORSES, WITH MONKEYS ON THEIR BACKS; ON EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH ORMOLU BASES.  
*Lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, Bt.*



A LOUIS XVI. WORK-STAND; MADE BY G. JANSEN AND MEASURING 8 BY 22 INCHES  
*Lent by Lady Mount Stephen.*



A SILVER-GILT COFFEE SERVICE IN A MARQUETRY BOX, WITH THE ARMS OF MME. DU BARRY;  
AND A SÈVRES SERVICE WITH ROSE DU BARRY GROUND.  
*Lent by M. Jules Strauss.*

THE Three French Reigns Exhibition is to be held in Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park Lane, from Tuesday, February 21, to April 5. It will benefit the Royal Northern group of hospitals, and follows worthily the five kindred exhibitions organised in the past for the same purpose—those devoted to needlework, silver, conversation pictures, Georgian art, and the "Age of Walnut," all of which were such successes that there need not be the slightest fear as to the popularity of the latest enterprise. The Three French Reigns will cover the period from the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., in 1643, until the execution of Louis XVI. in January 1793. Art treasures of all kinds will be included—pictures, miniatures, tapestry, carpets, furniture, silver, bronzes, porcelain, fans, lace, and so on. An appreciable number of the objects on view have never before been shown in public; and many come from the more famous private collections.



FIGURES BY ETIENNE MAURICE FALCONET, THE FAMOUS FRENCH SCULPTOR (1716-1791.)  
*Lent by Lord Rosebery.*



## THE THREE FRENCH REIGNS EXHIBITION:

REPRODUCTIONS BY COURTESY OF

## MASTERPIECES TO BE SEEN IN PARK LANE.

THE OWNERS. COPYRIGHTS RESERVED.



"MME. DU BARRY"—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD.  
(1773-1806.)  
This measures 28 inches by 23.  
Lent by Lord Rosbery.



"PORTRAIT DE LA COMTESSE DU BARRY"—BY  
FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAIS. (1727-1775.)  
This is dated 1764. It measures 1 ft. 10½ in. by 1 ft. 6½.  
Lent by Mr. le Comte de Comay.

but two Salons, those of 1765 and 1767. His wife Anne Gérard, won distinction as a painter of miniatures. François Hubert Drouais studied under his father, Hubert Drouais, and then with Nonotte, Carle van Loo, Natoire, and Boucher. He was received into the French Academy in 1758. He painted portraits of all the Royal Family. Lancelot, of "fêtes galantes" fame, was to have been an engraver, but entered the studio of Pierre d'Ullin, and then worked under Gillot, when he came under the influence of Watteau. He was elected to the Academy in 1719. He has been called Watteau's "art-child." Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, daughter of a

(Continued opposite.



"LE JOUEUR DE VIEUX"—BY NICOLAS LANCRET.  
(1691-1743.)  
This measures 36 inches by 29.  
Lent by Baron Maurice de Rothschild.



"MADAME DU BARRY"—BY ELIZABETH VIGÉE-LEBRUN. (1755-1842.)  
This measures 34 inches by 26.  
Lent by Lord Dawson.



"LA BELLE STRASSBOURGEOISE"—BY NICOLAS DE  
LANGILLE. (1656-1746.)  
This is exhibited publicly for the first time. It measures 4 ft. 6 in.  
by 3 ft. 5 in. Lent by M. François Coty.



"L'ÉTUDE"—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
Lent by the Musée du Louvre.

AS noted on page 227, the Three French Reigns Exhibition opens at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park Lane, on Tuesday, February 21. On this double-page we reproduce some of the many fine pictures that will be included. The artists are so well known that anything in the way of lengthy biographies is unnecessary. A few notes, however, may not be out of place. Fragonard, several of whose works are shown, began his professional life as a lawyer's clerk, but, being obviously misplaced, studied first under Chardin, and then under Boucher, with the result that, at the age of twenty, he won the Grand Prix de Rome. He exhibited in

(Continued above.



(ABOVE) "LES  
CHEVALIERS AU  
PERRON"—  
BY LOUIS  
LIONEL HOUDRY.  
(1761-1845.)  
This measures  
1 ft. 4 in. by  
1 ft. 1½ in.  
Lent by Baron Henri  
de Rothschild.



"LA LISEUSE"—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
This measures 24½ in. by 24½.  
Lent by Mr. A. W. Erickson.



(ABOVE) "LA  
JOLIE  
VISITEUSE"—  
BY JEAN  
BAPTISTE  
MALLET.  
(1759-1835.)  
This measures  
12 in. by 16.  
Lent by Mr. Foreyck  
Wickes.



"SCÈNE GALANTE"—BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY. (1679-1752.)  
This measures 2 ft. 8 in. by 2 ft. 1½.  
Lent by Baron Louis de Rothschild.

many pictures he did of ancient architecture. He was to have been guillotined during the French Revolution, but a gaoler, acting in error, sent another Hubert Robert to the scaffold, and the artist died in 1808. Jean François de Troy was taught by his father, François. Louis XIV. employed him to paint a series of cartoons for tapestry—the History of Esther—and allegorical subjects for the Hotel de Ville. He became Director of the French Academy at Rome in 1738.



"LA COQUETTE"—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD.  
(1732-1806.)  
This measures 14 inches by 12½.  
Lent by Colonel and Mme. Jacques Batson.



"L'INVOCATION À L'AMOUR"—BY JEAN HONORÉ FRAGONARD. (1732-1806.)  
This measures 20½ in. by 24½.  
Lent by Mr. John M. Schiff.



"A LANDSCAPE—GARDEN SCENE WITH STEPS AND PEOPLE IN FOREGROUND"—BY HUBERT ROBERT.  
(1733-1808.)  
Lent by the Duchess of Roxburgh.



THE DRAWING DONE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE AIR MINISTRY AND THE FAIRLEY AVIATION COMPANY, LTD.



THE LENGTH OF OUR FLIGHT (5,310 MILES) COMPARED WITH EQUAL DISTANCES TO OTHER PLACES (MERCATOR'S PROJECTION).

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VALPARAISO

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THE NEW NON-STOP RECORD FLIGHT

1000 MILES



A black and white portrait of a young man in a military uniform. He is wearing a peaked cap with an emblem and a light-colored uniform jacket with a dark tie. He is smiling and looking slightly to the left. The portrait is set within an oval frame.

The long-distance record previously held by Messrs. Polando and Boardman, of the United States, was gained for Britain by the magnificent flight of the special Fairey (Napier-engined) long-range monoplane piloted by Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant G. E. Nichollets. They left the R.A.F. aerodrome at Cranwell, Lincolnshire, at 7.15 a.m. on February 6, and landed at Walvis Bay (South Africa) at 4.40 p.m. on February 8, after a non-stop flight of 5340 miles. Very strong head winds during the latter part of the journey so retarded progress that there was

insufficient petrol to continue further. The machine is a large cantilever wing monoplane with a span of 82 feet and length of 40½ feet, and has a 530-h.p. Napier "Lion" engine of practically normal Service type, but with slightly higher compression ratio. For this flight the machine was provided with very exceptional petrol tankage, and over 1000 gallons filled her nine tanks when she left England, her total weight being then approximately 8 tons. The navigation, such an important factor in long-distance non-stop flights, was made by taking star sights.

by means of a bubbix sextant, through a special trap in the roof of the pilot's cockpit; by the use of drift-lines engraved on the horizontal windows in the wing; also by means of the tail drift sight instrument and position slide rule; and by special maps. Provision for a forced landing consisted of "hiking" and camp equipment, a rifle, machetes for cutting jungle, and emergency rations. The normal food supply was specially selected, and comprised boned chicken, sandwiches, fruit, dry raisins, barley sugar, and black coffee. The pilots were assisted by automatic controls

year (known in the Service as "George") which worked well for about three-quarters of the trip. It may be recalled that in his story of the flight, published by the Air Ministry, Squadron-Leader Gayford said, regarding their first night's experiences: "We sighted Zafouan, Kairouan and Gabes, which confirmed that the commencement of our track across the Sahara was correct. Flight-Lieutenant Niochelets obtained excellent star sights at midnight. These enabled us to fix our position and to confirm that our course was correct."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## THE WRYBILL PLOVER.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just been browsing among the pages of a book on the birds of New Zealand, sent me by my old friend Mr. E. F. Stead. It is a book I have been awaiting with some impatience, for he has discussed its progress with me on the occasions of his brief visits to England. And these occasions were always memorable, for Mr. Stead is an ornithologist who takes wide views of his subject. This much is evident in his book, which is not merely a "catalogue" of the birds of his native land, appealing only to New Zealanders. He writes of the various species included in this volume as of living birds, and not as of dried skins. And it is on this account that his work appeals to me. For one is able here to compare, say, the living petrels and cormorants of New Zealand with all the other species belonging to these two groups, spread over the rest of the world. For surveys of this kind, all too seldom made, are provocative of thought, setting problems of coloration and habits and specific distinctions in a new light, and in-so-far helping us to get clearer mental images of what these things mean, and a better grip on the problems more particularly concerned with the evolution of these types.

It is not, however, of cormorants and petrels that I propose to write to-day, but of one small member of the plover tribe, known as the wrybill plover, a species confined to New Zealand, but which has presented an insoluble riddle to ornithologists the world over. Rather like our Kentish plover, but lacking the black markings on the head, this bird is unique in having the beak turned conspicuously sideways, to the right, the deflection starting at the middle. What can have been the origin of such a strange modification of the normal plover beak? It is supposed to have come about to enable the bird to seize small crustacea lurking under the stones which form the "shingle beaches" along many of the New Zealand shelving river-banks, where the breeding season is passed, or among weeds of mud-flats, or the shingle of sea-beaches where the non-breeding season is passed.

In this habit of hunting under small stones the wrybill recalls our turnstone, so named from its habit of turning over relatively large stones for the sake of the sand-hoppers and other small crustacea and molluscs hiding there. Now, the turnstone's beak is slightly "tip-tilted," and this would seem to form a much more useful tool for this purpose. That the upturned beak of this bird is an adjustment to its use as a lever seems a reasonable deduction; but, in face of the beak of the wrybill, one feels inclined to exercise a little caution in suggesting that here we have a case of "cause and effect." For the beak

of the wrybill is not employed in lifting stones; and one can hardly believe that its deflection is due to a persistent habit of turning the beak sideways, and to the right, whenever it is to be used in seizing prey.

Here is just one of those problems which seem to defy solution. For even the most ardent "Natural Selectionist" would find it hard to account for this strange beak, though he would probably try to save his face by the assurance that it was a "correlated variation," and leave it at that—an explanation as clear as mud. The beak of the turnstone may perhaps—even probably—owe its density and form to the work demanded of it in raising stones. A still more convincing case is that of the oyster-catcher, wherein the beak is not only conspicuously long, but also of considerable density. It forms a weapon which can be used with effect; since, by a sudden blow, it can dislodge a limpet from its resting-place on the face of a rock, a feat requiring both force and dexterity, as those who have attempted it well know. But it is not used for opening oysters, from which imaginary habit the bird takes its name. It shares with the crow and the larger gulls the habit of bearing mussels to great heights, and then dropping them on to the rocks below, thereby smashing the shell.

There would be no difficulty in citing cases by the score of beaks whose structural peculiarities can very certainly be traced to the functions they serve. But these outstanding types are more difficult, and at the same time more interesting, since they baffle us. Besides the wrybill plover, there are many others scarcely less singular. The little spoonbill sandpiper, for example, stands alone among the plovers, on account of the singular spatulate form of the beak at its tip, which has a parallel in the beak of the spoonbill. Yet it can hardly be that their mode of feeding is as closely similar as the shape of the beak would seem to imply. And there is the case of the stork known as the "openbill," from the fact that between its cutting edges there

is a great gap. This strange shape is generally supposed to be due to the fact that this bird feeds on shell-fish, which it demolishes after a fashion of its own. But I can recall no field-observation on this theme, and speculations are useless. And the same is true of the enormous boat-shaped beak

of *Baleniceps* of the Nile, a giant and aberrant heron. It is said to feed on fish and frogs. And among the fish is that curious and archaic species known as the bichir, which, like many ancient fossil species, has the body invested by bony, enamelled scales, forming a sort of pavement. Yet here again we have no observations of the mode of feeding or of the staple diet, made on the living bird in its native wilds.

There are yet other beaks which might profitably be mentioned in this connection; but I want to return, in conclusion, to the wrybill plover, for Mr. Stead has brought to light, in the pages of this delightful book, much new information concerning this rare bird. Among other things, he lays stress on the very different psychology which marks the two sexes at the breeding season. For the male was absolutely fearless. But it was a confiding, not a defiant, fearlessness, enabling him to obtain a series of most wonderful pictures of the bird at its nest, for the male took a very prominent part in the task of incubation.

The female behaved quite differently. She could not be induced to come near the nest while he was within sight. Her mate made strenuous efforts, both by persuasion and force, to drive her to the nest to relieve him of duty for a space. But finally she took wing, and did not return while Mr. Stead was in the neighbourhood.

In its courting habits and nesting habits, the wrybill presented, he tells us, much in common with the banded dotterel, though in coloration they are very different. But, on account of the many points of resemblance shown between the two species, points peculiar to these two, he ventures to suggest that they are descendants of a common stock. And he is probably right.

We want many books of this kind—containing first-hand observation of the life-histories of birds. And on this account Mr. Stead's second volume, which is to complete this book, will be eagerly awaited.



1. THE BEAK OF THE WRYBILL PLOVER; SHOWING THE CURVE TO THE RIGHT (NOT CLEARLY SEEN IN FIG. 3) WHICH DISTINGUISHES THIS BEAK FORM FROM THAT OF ALL OTHER BIRDS.

The chick of the wrybill also has the peculiarly curved beak, wherein it differs from, for instance, the young crossbill, which, as a nestling, has a normal beak.



2. ANOTHER BIRD WITH A PECULIARLY SHAPED BEAK: THE SPOONBILLED SANDPIPER (*EURHYNORHYNCHUS*).

The remarkable form of this bird's beak resembles that of the spoonbill, but until more is known of its mode of life it is impossible to give a satisfactory explanation of its shape. Nothing is known of its breeding-place; but after the breeding season it ranges over a wide area, since it has been found on both sides of the Pacific, and, on migration, in Japan, China, India, and Burma.

tioned in this connection; but I want to return, in conclusion, to the wrybill plover, for Mr. Stead has brought to light, in the pages of this delightful book, much new information concerning this rare bird. Among other things, he lays stress on the very different psychology which marks the two sexes at the breeding season. For the male was absolutely fearless. But it was a confiding, not a defiant, fearlessness, enabling him to obtain a series of most wonderful pictures of the bird at its nest, for the male took a very prominent part in the task of incubation.



3. A BIRD PECULIAR TO NEW ZEALAND, AND HAVING A MOST SINGULAR BEAK, CURVING TO THE RIGHT: THE WRYBILL PLOVER—A MALE INCUBATING.

The wrybill (*Anarhynchus frontalis*), like our Kentish plover, is singularly conservative in regard to its nesting-site, requiring always shingle-beds by river banks. Unfortunately, owing to the introduction into New Zealand and spread of the yellow lupin, an alien plant, considerable areas have now been rendered unsuitable to its requirements. Whence, in course of time, should the plant spread, this little bird may be exterminated, owing to its refusal to adapt itself to the conditions of a changed environment.

By Courtesy of the "Search Publishing Co."





**ADMIRAL SIR HENRY CAMPBELL.**  
Largely responsible for the arming of merchant ships against submarines during the war, and for perfecting a naval intelligence system. An old shipmate and friend of the King. Died February 12; aged sixty-seven.



**MR. LOWENTHAL, K.C.**  
Recorder of Hull and Treasurer of the Middle Temple. Died February 10, after a short illness. Called by the Inner Temple in 1888. For some time leader of the North-Eastern Circuit. Took silk in 1926.



**SIR HERBERT CORY.**  
An outstanding figure in South Wales. Conservative M.P. for Cardiff in 1915; and for Cardiff South in 1923. Helped to found John Cory and Sons, Ltd., which controls cargo steamers. Died February 7; aged seventy-six.



**THE VEN. G. H. SPOONER.**  
Archdeacon of Liverpool. Died February 7; aged eighty-one. Saw nearly sixty years of active ministry. Spent twenty-one years as Rector of Woolton; and was later Rector of Walton-on-the-Hill and Archdeacon of Warrington.

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**THE CROWN PRINCE OF EGYPT WITH HIS SISTERS:  
PRINCE FAROUQ'S THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY.**  
Prince Farouq, only son of King Fuad and Crown Prince of Egypt, celebrated his thirteenth birthday on February 11, when a reception was given for him at the Egyptian Legation in Paris. He is here seen with three of his young sisters. His education has been King Fuad's especial care, and he has learnt to speak English and French almost as well as his native Arabic.



**THE BERLIN PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA  
IN ENGLAND: HERR FURTWÄNGLER  
CONDUCTING AT REHEARSAL.**

It has become an annual event for the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra to visit this country. On February 13 it returned to the Queen's Hall for its first concert of this visit, and played a programme of Beethoven to a packed and immensely enthusiastic audience. Herr Furtwängler has been described as "in his way a master-conductor." His drilling of the orchestra is an accomplishment peculiar to himself alone.



**THE ENGLISH RUGBY TEAM AGAINST IRELAND AT TWICKENHAM: BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT)—M. A. ALLAN (REFEREE); C. L. TROOP, R. A. GERRARD, A. S. RONCORONI, L. A. BOOTH, E. H. SADLER, W. H. WESTON. MIDDLE ROW—G. G. GREGORY, T. W. BROWN, D. A. KENDREW, A. L. NOVIS (CAPTAIN), D. W. BURLAND, C. WEBB, N. L. EVANS. IN FRONT—W. ELLIOT AND B. C. GADNEY.**



**THE IRISH RUGBY TEAM AGAINST ENGLAND AT TWICKENHAM: BACK ROW (LEFT TO RIGHT)—L. B. MCMAHON, E. J. LIGHTFOOT, E. W. DE V. HUNT, M. J. DUNNE, J. A. SIGGINS, THE REV. V. J. PIKE. MIDDLE ROW—W. MCC. ROSS, J. RUSSELL, G. R. BEAMISH, E. O'D. DAVY (CAPTAIN), DR. P. M. MURRAY, N. MURPHY, H. O'H. O'NEILL. IN FRONT—R. H. PRATT AND S. L. WAIDE.**

England beat Ireland at Twickenham on February 11 by a goal and four tries (17 points) to a penalty goal and a try (6 points).



**STARTING ON HER SEARCH FOR A LOST OASIS: LADY CLAYTON EAST CLAYTON.**  
Lady Clayton East Claytor left Hanworth on February 12 to search by air for the lost oasis of Zerzura, in the Libyan Desert. She took Lieut.-Commander Raundall as reserve pilot. Her search carries on the work, illustrated in our issue of July 23, in which her husband, Sir Robert Clayton East Clayton, lost his life last year.



**SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON.**  
Died February 12; aged seventy-one. Widely known as a writer and lecturer on natural history and the relation of science and religion. From 1899 to 1930 Professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen. Was knighted on his retirement. Author of "The System of Animate Nature."



**CANON C. S. WOODWARD.**  
New Bishop of Bristol in succession to the Right Rev. George Nickson. Appointed Chaplain to his Majesty, 1919. In 1926 appointed Canon of Westminster and Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster. Made Keeper of Munitiments at the Abbey (1930-32); and Librarian in 1932.



**LORD SYDENHAM.**  
Began life as a Radical, but well known of late years as an exponent of extreme Conservative views, especially in regard to the governance of India. Performed long and varied services for the Empire. Governor of Victoria, 1901; of Bombay, 1907. Died February 7. Born 1848. The title becomes extinct.



## THE ETON "COCK PIT" DISCOVERIES.

ADAM PANELLING AND OTHER INTERESTING RELICS BROUGHT TO LIGHT DURING RESTORATIONS TO THE FAMOUS "COCK PIT" IN THE HIGH STREET AT ETON.

By MARY STEVENS. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

A SIGHTSEER whose enthusiasm has been quenched by an overdose of sightseeing is a pitiable object indeed, but I defy the most jaded of his kind to remain unthrilled when he looks out of the carriage window and catches his first glimpse of Windsor Castle and Eton College. The great grey castle, standing so splendidly on the hilltop, looks almost too much like a fairy-tale come true to be real. As the guide-book has it, "No palace of kings is so truly regal, so beautiful or so majestic as Windsor Castle," which is exactly right. And Eton College, just across the river, surrounded by its famous

the door, the old village stocks, in which malefactors of former days were padlocked. Two steps down will bring you straight into a room full of treasures dear to a collector's heart, where you are likely to find the charming lady who is the present guardian of the "Cock Pit" and all that therein is. She is delighted to talk with you, and you discover from her that this is the oldest house in Eton, dating back to the fourteenth century. Parts of the building were in existence even before that. In the old, old days it was a cobbler's shop, and I dare say that many a future statesman and courtier, dreaming away his boyhood in the great college already famous throughout the land, had his shoes mended at the cobbler's shop in the fields by the riverside.

### The Origin of its Name.

But why, we wanted to know, is it called the "Cock Pit"? The answer to the question would be found at the bottom of the garden, we were told. So we went through a flagstone passage into the garden, and found a cobbled pathway which led us to a small building rather like an old barn. This is not just an ordinary building by any means. Century after century has rolled over its head, and there it stands still—a real page of English history. For hundreds of years, cock-fighting, which was once as popular in the country as horse-racing is to-day, took place regularly in this little building. The ghosts of countless sportsmen who lived in the rollicking days of Merrie England must haunt the place. At one time it was the pleasure resort of an English King in his moments of relaxation from affairs of state—moments, indeed, which were alarmingly frequent. That King was Charles II., and it was his custom to come to the "Cock Pit," where, in peace and quiet, he could enjoy a thoroughly satisfying cock-fight. This was a favourite pastime with him, and you can still see the tiny private yard to which he would retire to watch the birds do battle.

Here the King's suite used to sit round on the low wooden forms, jesting and drinking, and keeping guard over their royal master until he had had his fill of sport, or until a watching messenger brought tidings that there was danger abroad for the King, when his Majesty would slip out by a side door and hurry away.

### Visitors from Far and Near.

We left the cock pit presently, and the quiet garden, with its old-fashioned pump, to wander again round the entrancing house. A short flight of steps brought us to several delightful rooms filled



ADAM PANELLING DISCOVERED DURING RESTORATIONS IN THE OLD "COCK PIT" AT ETON: A CORNER OF THE PANELLING ROOM WITH ITS ANCIENT BEAMS ALSO REVEALED.

playing fields, is almost as inspiring in its beauty and interest. It was in this perfect setting that we visited the "Cock Pit," where an Adam panelling room and various other relics of great historical interest have just recently been discovered. It stands in the High Street at Eton, and it is the dearest little old building imaginable—partly a dwelling-place, partly an antique-shop. It is famous for its historical associations, the antiques which you may buy there, and I should say, after having sampled it, for its tea.

### The Oldest House in Eton.

The minute you look at it you fall in love with it; it is so adorably English. It would seem to be a very modest little house, for it gets as near the earth as a little house can. The top storey, covered by a shingled roof that goes up and down in gentle hills and valleys, leans right over the bottom storey in a most protecting fashion, so that you have the feeling that you can only just stand upright as you peer through the small square-paned windows into the shop, or study the tablet on the wall which tells you that: "Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary visited this old building, April 12th, 1917." Before entering, one sees, standing beside



ONE OF THE OLD FIREPLACES DISCLOSED BY RESTORATION WORK IN THE ETON "COCK PIT," WITH OAK BEAMS THAT ONCE FORMED PART OF AN ENGLISH SHIP.



AN INTERIOR IN THE "COCK PIT," THE OLDEST HOUSE IN ETON: ONE OF "SEVERAL DELIGHTFUL ROOMS FILLED WITH PRECIOUS FURNITURE, QUAIN CHINA, RARE PRINTS, CURIOUSLY WROUGHT CANDLESTICKS, AND A HOST OF OTHER TREASURES."

On the other side of the doorway which gives access to this yard there is a much larger cock pit, which has one very peculiar feature in its floor, for the centre of it is made entirely of bones. This was to prevent the birds from slipping as they fought.

with precious furniture, quaint china, rare prints, curiously wrought candlesticks, and a host of other treasures. We discovered that the great stout oak beams which uphold the primrose-coloured walls, and look as though they will last until the end of time, were once part of an English ship. In one room there were a pair of love-birds hopping round in a cage which Chippendale had made, hung in the casement window. We had tea in that room, sitting before a huge fireplace with an immense black kettle resting on the hob. On a lovely old table in another corner of this same sunny room there was a visitors' book, which told of many a traveller, now thousands of miles away, who must have the vision of this little bit of the old country tucked away among his memories. On one page there is recorded the signature of the first lady in the land—"Mary R."—who visited the "Cock Pit" upon St. George's Day.

I wonder how long it will stand there—this famous old relic—absorbing the spirit of the ages as they pass, giving to the casual visitor within its walls a little of its own beautiful serenity, and the peculiar feeling of satisfaction that comes from contact with these old houses into which England has breathed her very soul!



## WHERE CHARLES II. ENJOYED COCK-FIGHTS: THE OLD COCK PIT AT ETON.



THE HISTORIC "COCK PIT" AT ETON (NOW AN ANTIQUE-SHOP AND TEA-ROOM) SINCE THE RECENT RESTORATIONS (SEEN AT THE RIGHT-HAND END): THE EXTERIOR, SHOWING ANCIENT STOCKS (ON THE PAVEMENT IN CENTRE).

THE photographs given above and opposite (with a descriptive article) illustrate some interesting discoveries made at the old "Cock Pit" in the High Street at Eton, while workmen were restoring to its original condition part of the building previously used as a grocer's shop. The restored timbering outside appears in the upper left illustration above, at the right-hand end. The fifteenth-century beams inside are said to be some of the finest in England. The following note comes through the present owner, Mrs. Rigden. "This property," we read, "belonged to the

[Continued below.



THE LARGE COCK PIT, WITH THE CENTRAL PORTION OF ITS FLOOR MADE OF KNUCKLE-BONES, TO PREVENT THE BIRDS FROM SLIPPING AS THEY FOUGHT: A HISTORIC OLD BUILDING AT ETON WHERE CHARLES II. WATCHED HIS FAVOURITE SPORT OF COCK-FIGHTING.



ANOTHER PART OF THE GARDEN AT THE "COCK PIT," WITH ITS COBBLED PATHWAY: A CORNER OF OLD ENGLAND "ABSORBING THE SPIRIT OF THE AGES AS THEY PASS."



NOWADAYS "A RENDEZVOUS OF ETONIANS AND THEIR FRIENDS FOR LUNCHEONS AND TEAS": THE ANTIQUE-SHOP AND TEA-ROOM IN THE OLD "COCK PIT" AT ETON, SAID TO DATE FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

all concealed behind match-board and plaster; also a charming little room with Adam panelling which had been hidden behind canvas. The old Cock Pit itself is at the end of the courtyard, and it was here that Charles II. used to come and see the cock-fights. Mrs. Rigden possesses some of the original spurs worn by one of the champion cocks in 1748. The Cock Pit is now said to be one of the finest buildings of its period in the country, and it is the rendezvous of Etonians and their friends for luncheons and teas."

[Continued.]

Dean and Chapter of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, up to the reign of George III., when it was sold. It remained in the possession of the same family from then to 1928, when Mrs. Rigden bought it. She has just been doing restorations, and has found some wonderful old oak beams, a doorway, and an old open fireplace,



## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



THE "TREASURE OF THE WEEK" AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN IVORY TANKARD.

This large tankard (date 1651) is decorated on the lid with Hercules killing the Centaur, and on the drum with a classical composition including figures of Venus and Cupid, Minerva (besides whom is a man; obviously a portrait and possibly that of the artist himself); Bacchus, Neptune, and Amphitrite. It was carved by a goldsmith, Bernard Straus, who seems to have lived at Augsburg during the middle of the seventeenth century.

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PART OF THE FINE FRIEZE OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX UNEARTHED AT ROME: SECOND-CENTURY WORK THAT RECALLS THE STYLE OF DONATELLO.

The beautiful piece of Roman sculpture illustrated here formed part of the frieze of the Temple of Venus Genetrix, and was recently brought to light at Rome. It represents seven winged cupids at play, and the figures, with one exception, are unusually well preserved. Its date lies in the first quarter of the second century A.D. The cupids would appear to be engaged in various childish games—two erecting a round shield in place of a trophy, another bringing up a quiver of arrows which a fourth waits to take from him.



THE VISIT OF THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA TO ADEN: HIS MAJESTY COMING ASHORE.

The correspondent who sends us this photograph notes: "The Emperor of Ethiopia arrived in Aden on January 28 in the Red Sea sloop, H.M.S. 'Penzance,' and received a royal salute of twenty-one guns from Fort Ras Morbut, and a guard of honour of 100 men of the R.A.F. The Emperor was very gratified by the warmth of his welcome, and cordial telegrams were exchanged between His Majesty and the Officiating Chief Commissioner.



THE FALKLAND ISLANDS CENTENARY: (ABOVE) PORT STANLEY AND THE BARREN COUNTRYSIDE; (BELOW) GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

The celebrations of the Centenary of the Colony in the Falkland Islands began on February 12. They were planned to last a week. At a meeting of the Royal Empire Society on February 13, a special tribute was paid to the Royal Navy by Mr. Bonner, Chairman of the Falkland Islands' Sheepowners' Association. Admiral Sir Richard Phillimore, who presided, referred to the Battle of the Falkland Islands in his speech.

(Photographs Reproduced by Courtesy of the Falkland Islands Co. Ltd.)



WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: GENIAL NOBLEMAN AND HIS OWNER, MR. SHAW (LEFT).

The Waterloo Cup, the chief trophy in coursing, was won at Altcar on February 10 by Genial Nobleman, owned by Mr. Shaw, of Ipswich. In the deciding course he beat Lord Sefton's Sold Again. Genial Nobleman ran in the nomination of Mr. Jack Jarvis, the Newmarket trainer. In the Waterloo Cup last year, Genial Nobleman was beaten in the third round.



A TANK BROUGHT TO LIFE AGAIN: THE FORMER EALING MONUMENT MOVING UNDER ITS OWN POWER IN THE SERVICE OF HAULAGE CONTRACTORS.

The tank illustrated here has stood for a number of years on Ealing Dean. It was presented to Ealing in recognition of the local effort for War Savings Certificates. On February 12 the tank was removed, being handed to a firm of motor-haulage contractors, who, it is understood, will use it for moving heavy loads. The tank was able to proceed under its own power, though at a somewhat low speed.



THE ULTRA-SHORT-WAVE WIRELESS INSTALLATION AT THE VATICAN: THE POPE (RIGHT) AND SENATORE MARCONI, WHO PRESENTED THE APPARATUS.

What is claimed to be the first regular ultra-short-wave radio telephone service in the world, between the Vatican City and Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer residence, has been inaugurated by the Pope in the presence of Senatore Marconi, who made the presentation of the apparatus and installation. The Pope is seen here listening to an address by Senatore Marconi. His Holiness afterwards made his first "talkie," in which he expressed appreciation of the gift.



## THE ARGENTINE TRADE MISSION.



THE ARGENTINE MISSION RECEIVED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THEIR ARRIVAL: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE CARLTON HOTEL; WITH DR. JULIO ROCA, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC AND LEADER OF THE MISSION, STANDING (CENTRE) NEXT TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.



THE ARGENTINE MISSION AT CROYDON: LORD LONDONDERRY (THIRD FROM LEFT) WITH DR. JULIO ROCA AND OTHER MEMBERS AFTER INSPECTING ONE OF THE BIG IMPERIAL AIRWAYS LINERS.



THE MISSION'S VISIT TO THE PORT OF LONDON: BOARDING A LAUNCH TO TOUR THE DOCKS, DURING WHICH THEY SAW THE BERTHS AND THE DISCHARGING FACILITIES PROVIDED FOR THE ARGENTINE CHILLED-MEAT TRADE.

The special Mission from the Argentine Government, headed by Dr. Julio Roca, Vice-President of the Argentine Republic, arrived in London on February 7, to repay the visit of the Prince of Wales to Argentina in 1931. The Mission includes, besides Dr. Roca, a number of other highly distinguished Argentines. Its members were met, on their arrival in London, by the Prince of Wales, who represented the King. Dr. Roca later said that the visit of the Mission was of capital importance to Argentina, and that it might prove to be of almost as great importance to this country. "We are hoping," he said, "to have friendly conversations with members of the British Government about the reciprocal interests of both countries, principally with regard to trade relations." On February 10 the Prince of Wales was present at a dinner given by the Argentine Club of London in honour of Dr. Roca. His Royal Highness spoke in Spanish while proposing Dr. Roca's health. On the same day the Mission was welcomed at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor of London. Dr. Roca and other members had their first experience of flying when they visited Croydon on February 11.

## THE ESCAPE OF SPANISH EXILES.

These photographs vividly illustrate the romantic escape of twenty-nine Spanish Monarchists from Villa Cisneros, a lonely garrison on the fringe of the Sahara in Spanish West Africa, to freedom and a friendly welcome in Portugal. They were among the 138 exiles transported to Villa Cisneros in the "España V," after having been concerned in General Sanjurjo's rebellion of August 10, and were soon to have been taken back to Spain for trial. Among the escaped men were many nobles and land-owners, including Don Alfonso de Bourbon, cousin of the ex-King. Their escape was made in a small undecked fishing-smack of about 50 tons, and was rendered possible by the fairly loose supervision at Villa Cisneros. The voyage to Cezimbra, a little south of Lisbon, took fifteen days; and during that time food ran very short, a storm blew for two days with sufficient violence to imperil the little boat and smash the compass, and Spanish gunboats searching for the fugitives were happily eluded. On gaining Portugal, whence there could be no question of extradition, since none was under sentence of a Court, the refugees were received with every hospitality and provided with the necessary documents for their complete freedom.



SPANISH MONARCHISTS ON THEIR WAY TO EXILE: A SCENE IN THE "ESPAÑA V.," A WRETCHED CATTLE-BOT WHICH TOOK 138 DEPORTEES TO VILLA CISNEROS, A LONELY PLACE OF DETENTION IN SPANISH WEST AFRICA.



ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF MODERN TIMES—THE ESCAPE OF 29 SPANISH GRANDES FROM IMPRISONMENT AT VILLA CISNEROS, RIO DE ORO: A GROUP ON BOARD THE UNDECKED FISHING-SMACK DURING THEIR 1800-MILE VOYAGE.



A HAZARDOUS ESCAPE, CROWNED WITH COMPLETE SUCCESS: SOME OF THE 29 EXILES IN THE 50-TON FISHING-BOT THAT TOOK THEM TO PORTUGAL AFTER A FORTNIGHT IN THE OPEN SEA—A GROUP IN THE LIFEBOAT.



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE ACTOR'S PERFORMANCE IN RELATION TO THE PLAY.—THE COLISEUM ITSELF AGAIN.

IT is an observation common to both regular patrons of the theatre and to those who no longer find solace in playgoing, that there are no more great actors on our stage. Good acting, maybe, accomplished in craftsmanship, fine in judgment, precise in attack, and well sustained in interpretation. But where do we find that swift, eagle-like flight, that illuminating penetration which belong to great acting? Where do we discover that commanding power that subdues everything to itself, dominating the mind in the theatre, vibrating the emotions of the audience, and haunting the memory long after the play is done? Shades of the great creative interpreters of the past speak of days when such miracles were wrought, of times when the theatre was the home of a classic art where giants imposed their genius on an appreciative public. Garrick, Mrs. Siddons, Macready, Kemble, Irving, Ellen Terry, Salvini, Duse, Bernhardt, Edwin Booth—all are gone. Lucien Guitry, according to Mr. Cochran quoting Bernhardt, was the last of the great actors (I disagree!). But are we not in danger of doing less than justice to the present generation by such definite conclusions? Remember, too, that such reputations are safe from criticism, for they have passed beyond history into legend.

"The Green Bay Tree," at the St. Martin's, by Mr. Mordaunt Shairp, presents an example of the current revaluation of values in the drama itself that is reflected in the work of present-day players. Though the play is well written and the psychological problem sincerely posed, we must admit at once that the scale of characterisation is reduced. The actor may give a polished and persuasive performance, enriched by subtleties and details, but the very nature of the theme, the tightness of the dialogue, the intellectual grip of the playwright prevent those solo flights into the empyrean which rise above the play. In "Head On Crash," at the Queen's, Mr. Laurence Miller's play, less well written, though equally typical, imposes the same limitations on the actor. Its introspective analyses, its complexity of motives, and its structural difficulties result in an issue that can only be intellectually appraised. The question of moral guilt and legal innocence, though presented with imaginative flashes, never sweeps us away into a compelling illusion resolving itself, and neither Mr. Cedric Hardwicke nor Miss Flora Robson can be held responsible. The actor is screwed into the part. A bad play, by its very fissures, may give the player scope to build himself. Irving in "The Bells" made a second-rate melodrama a marvellous vehicle. The play of serious purpose, knit so closely by its author that every part is meticulously observed and every move narrowly estimated, transfixes the actor's art. The drawing is on ivory, not on canvas.

It is here, I think, we discover the secret of Miss Mary Ellis's brilliant study in Mr. Edward Poor Montgomery's comedy, "Double Harness," which has now transferred from the Haymarket to the Apollo. This play has no pretensions to seriousness, and seeks only to amuse. It uses an effective box of tricks very cleverly, and weaves and unravels a tangle with entertaining skill. There is a casualness, a freedom from the stiff demands of logic, and rough-and-ready character outline to the parts which permit the players to elaborate and develop out of themselves. It is not a good play, but excellent entertainment, and the debt is chiefly to the actors. Miss Ellis brings an emotional intensity, beautiful and moving, that dismisses the illogicalities of plot and situation. The very virtues of "The Green Bay Tree" and "Head On Crash" are the handicaps of the actors, while the hollow theatrical devices ingeniously employed in "Double Harness" are the players' opportunities. It might be noted that even Shakespeare sprawled—that is, he gives elbow-room for his characters.

This brings me to another factor—the time element. The tendency of the modern play is to concentrate the significances of a lifetime into a single night. Dialogue itself has become more percussive, more monosyllabic, more hesitant. This reaction against the excesses of the older drama has gone so far that a love-scene on the stage rarely glows. It may be faithful in its naturalism, pointed in its direction, and true in an objective sense. It may strike deeper with analytic touches, but the playing of such

passages demands reticences and controls that Romeo and Juliet never knew.

When the play gives something of the amplitude of the classic drama we find the actors more than equal to the occasion. The production of "Richard of Bordeaux" at the New moves in a wider ambit than the witty drawing-rooms of the Coward-Lonsdale-Novello school or the psychological laboratories of writers with another approach. It belongs to dramatic biography told in chronicle form,

She has followed the stream of history and unified the story through her central figure. This is the interest which holds the play and gives it shape, so that the narrative is both personal and historical. It is a tale, too, told boldly and simply, offering a convincing interpretation of events. Though modern in speech and free from anachronisms, it is not tongue-tied. It would be a just criticism to say that the character analysis never strikes very deep, but the figures do belong—they are not detached, like so many

exhibits, to be put under a lens. Add to this the freedom which costume brings and the atmosphere which Motley's designs suggest, and we are translated into a world of colour, movement, and liberty. The playwright is not confined to recording, nor to explanatory analysis. Scene follows scene showing aspects of humanity—of idealism pitted against prudential wisdom, of beauty against indifference, of the instability of character against the rocks of circumstance.

And all these conflicts are focussed on a central figure—Richard of Bordeaux. The spiritual loveliness of Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies' portrait of Anne illumines the strength and weakness of Richard, her king and husband. And Mr. John Gielgud searches his part with an artist's sensitiveness, enriching the study with nuances and intonations that give dignity and value to the words. Unhindered by the playwright, he builds up a living character—courageous, impetuous, stubborn, impractical in his dreaming, well-intentioned, devoted, capable of blind follies and injustices, a man whose conscience is the foe of his office—that has the seeds of inevitable tragedy in his soul. This "Richard of Bordeaux" is not merely good acting. It has the stature and the authority to stand in the lineage of the creations of the great

actors. It is a performance that will linger long in memory.

It is a wise man who takes time by the forelock. Sir Oswald Stoll is one of such. In spite of the great artistic success of "White Horse Inn" and "Casanova," he felt that grand spectacle at the Coliseum was on the wane, and that—after a good many non-stop shows at neighbouring houses had failed—the time had come to reinstate Variety in its proper shape and proper place. And so, without much ado or flourishing of trumpets, he changed his course and boldly re-established his house as the premier "Temple of Variety" in London. But he had convinced himself of one thing when mapping out his plan of campaign. The old variety—overflow of comic songs and acrobacy—which did so well in the past, demanded "editing" and refining. The public had become more gourmet than gourmand after the splendours of "Casanova," etc. The standard had changed and risen. The programme had to be of great excellence, and, having regard to the modern passion for all that is dancing, the ballet had to be the clou and climax of the entertainment. And so, in order to make a début full of *éclat* of the new régime, he gave the lion's share to ballet and the "top-notch" of variety to two famous artists, the adorable Miss Lea Seidl and the incomparable Mr. Gillie Potter. It was an excellent choice. Miss Seidl selected some sweet songs from her Viennese repertoire—including the famous melody from "White Horse Inn"—sang them with the exquisite grace that is the birthright of the children of the Danube, and was given an ovation by the audience. As for Mr. Potter's rippling brook of constant wit, not a word failed to hit home, not a sentence to overwhelm its predecessor in caustic, spicy commentary. Mr. Gillie Potter is the true master of his single-handed craft.

After that we plunged into the delights of yesteryear's ballet, after a little preliminary canter with "Every Nation Dances," a kind of cosmopolitan review of much display and little ado. It was obliterated from memory by the attractive, simple little ballet, "The Débutante," which, in the old Empire days, was the talk, the joy, and the vogue of London. The 1933 audience devoured it with cries of admiration and endless bravoos. But the high light of the evening was the minut of Mme. Adeline Genée and Mr. Anton Dolin—he as graceful as ever, and she, the darling of the gods and all terrestrials, as entrancing as ever. Time has vouchsafed her eternal youth. To-day she is as lovely, as lithesome as—well, never mind how many years ago.



A ROOM IN THE KING'S PALACE OF ELTHAM, 1386—A SCENE FROM "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX": JOHN GIELGUD (RIGHT) IN THE NAME-PART, AND GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES (LEFT) AS ANNE OF BOHEMIA.

In his own production of "Richard of Bordeaux" at the New Theatre, John Gielgud has added immensely to his already great reputation as an actor. He gives a really fine performance in the name-part. Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies also makes a brilliant success in the rôle of Anne of Bohemia.



GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES AS ANNE OF BOHEMIA IN "RICHARD OF BORDEAUX"—GORDON DAVIOT'S ROMANTIC COSTUME PLAY AT THE NEW THEATRE.

with nearly a lifetime for its span. Of course, the playwright is hedged in by historical facts, but these facts need not have the precision of a date-book. That could only result in dullness, and Miss Gordon Daviot has not subjected herself to such a tyranny in her study of Richard.





BRITAIN IN THE MIDST OF NEW YORK: THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING (THE RIGHT-HAND BLOCK OF THE TWO IN THE CENTRE FOREGROUND) FACING FIFTH AVENUE, IN THE GREAT ARCHITECTURAL SCHEME OF ROCKEFELLER CENTRE.

The British Empire Building, now under construction in the heart of New York's chief business quarter (and shown in this illustration as it will be when finished), occupies a prominent position in the great group of commercial buildings, comprising several gigantic skyscrapers, known as Rockefeller Centre, which is rapidly approaching completion. The above picture gives a general view of

the whole vast scheme, seen from the east, as it will appear. The entire frontage on Fifth Avenue (running across the foreground) is formed of buildings devoted to the commerce, industry, and art of important European nations. The British Empire Building, with its roof-garden, is in the foreground just to right of the central tower. Other illustrations appear on the next three pages.



# THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING IN THE FOREFRONT OF NEW YORK'S "BOND STREET": BRITAIN'S SPLENDID SHARE IN ROCKEFELLER CENTRE—A CITY WITHIN A CITY.



SCULPTURE FOR THE FIFTH AVENUE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING, SYMBOLIC OF THE EMPIRE'S BASIC INDUSTRIES: FINISHING TOUCHES TO FIVE OF THE NINE FIGURES (TO BE CAST IN BRONZE) DESIGNED BY THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN SCULPTOR, CARL PAUL JENNEWAIN.

THE British Empire Building in the heart of New York, forming a conspicuous unit in the gigantic architectural group of Rockefeller Centre (the complete design of which is shown on the preceding page), worthily represents the Empire's industries in the commercial metropolis of the United States. The general purposes of Rockefeller Centre, which constitutes, as it were, a city within a city, have been indicated in the words of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, who said: "Here, if anywhere, must be the permanent site in Manhattan Island of the much-sought-after area devoted to that retail business of every kind which is characteristic of a great capital, and which has made famous the Bond Street of London, the Rue de la Paix of Paris, and the Unter den Linden of

[Continued above.

Berlin." Rockefeller Centre, the world's largest private building project, forms a great rectangle between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Besides the British Empire Building, it includes La Maison Française (an adjacent block), the great seventy-storey R.C.A. Building (with twenty-six broadcasting studios), and other office buildings of "skyscraper" type, Italian and German buildings, the R.K.O. Roxy Theatre, the Radio City Music Hall, and the site of the proposed Opera House. Lord Southborough, G.C.B., heads the British Committee to advise on the selection of prospective tenants for the British Empire Building, to assure the best possible representation of British Empire interests. Other members are Mr. W. S. Eyre, the well-known banker and industrialist, and Mr. A. J. T. Taylor, director of numerous companies with widespread Empire interests. Mr. John D. Rockefeller junr., writing to Lord Southborough regarding British and French participation in the scheme, said: "I am deeply gratified that this central position in our enterprise is to be occupied by buildings which will promote international amity and strengthen trade relationships. These buildings, embodying that architectural beauty and dignity for which we are striving, will be symbols in stone and steel of the common interest, mutual understanding and goodwill of three great world powers. Moreover, in a larger sense they will symbolise the spirit of co-operation and brotherhood among all nations—the only foundation, I am convinced, upon which enduring world peace and prosperity can be built. . . . In their erection I am

[Continued below on right.



ROCKEFELLER CENTRE AT A RECENT STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT: A VIEW SHOWING STEEL-WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING (JUST BEYOND AND TO LEFT OF THE TOWERING SEVENTY-STOREY R.C.A. BUILDING IN THE MIDDLE, AND ALMOST OPPOSITE ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL ON FIFTH AVENUE).





THE MAGNIFICENT BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING IN THE HEART OF NEW YORK'S FASHIONABLE SHOPPING QUARTER, AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED: A DRAWING SHOWING THE FRONTAGE ON FIFTH AVENUE (IN FOREGROUND).



LORD SOUTHBOROUGH, G.C.B.: THE HEAD OF THE BRITISH COMMITTEE TO ADVISE ON THE SELECTION OF PROSPECTIVE TENANTS, TO ENSURE THE BEST POSSIBLE REPRESENTATION OF BRITISH EMPIRE INTERESTS.

*Continued.*  
happy indeed to have such distinguished representatives of the British Empire as my associates." Who can doubt the sincerity of Mr. Rockefeller's good wishes in the light of the fact that his benefactions to worthy causes in the British Empire exceed thirty millions of dollars! On the next page are further photographs illustrating the inception and growth of the British Empire Building. Scale models of the whole project are on display at the London headquarters, 4, Cleveland Square, St. James's. We are indebted to Mr. W. S. Stephenson, M.C., D.F.C., Chairman of British Empire Building, Ltd., of the above address, for the loan of some of the exclusive photographs which we have been enabled to reproduce in the present issue.



THE EXTERIOR OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING IN ROCKEFELLER CENTRE: A VIEW ACROSS FIFTH AVENUE FROM THE COURTYARD OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL (SEEN ALSO IN THE LOWER ILLUSTRATION ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).



# THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING IN NEW YORK: FROM FOUNDATIONS TO COMPLETE DESIGN.



CUTTING DOWN THROUGH SEVENTY FEET OF SOLID ROCK IN NEW YORK FOR FOUNDATIONS OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING: OPERATING A PNEUMATIC DRILL, WHOSE VERTICAL CORRUGATIONS IN THE ROCK WALL ARE VISIBLE.

THE corner-stone of the British Empire Building in Rockefeller Centre, New York, was laid on July 2, 1932, at an impressive international ceremony. It is expected to be ready for occupation by May 1 next. It has a 70-ft. frontage on Fifth Avenue, with 200 ft. on 50th Street. The exterior has already been finished, in granite and limestone. The roof-gardens are features of the whole architectural scheme. The building

*[Continued below.]*



THE BIG HOLE MADE IN THE MIDDLE OF NEW YORK FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING AND ITS COMPANION STRUCTURE: FOUNDATIONS ON THE SOLID ROCK THAT HAS MADE POSSIBLE THE ERECTION OF SKYSCRAPERS—THE WEIGHT OF ROCK EXCAVATED EXCEEDING THAT OF THE SUBSEQUENT BUILDINGS.



STEEL FRAMEWORK OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING (SINCE COMPLETED AS TO THE EXTERIOR—SEE PRECEDING PAGE): AN IMPOSING SIX-STORY STRUCTURE FORMING PART OF THE ROCKEFELLER CENTRE, NEW YORK.



THE COMPLETE DESIGN FOR THE BRITISH EMPIRE BUILDING (LEFT CENTRE) AND ITS COMPANION STRUCTURE, LA MAISON FRANÇAISE (RIGHT CENTRE): A VIEW TOWARDS FIFTH AVENUE (RIGHT BACKGROUND) SHOWING THE PLAN OF THE ROOF-GARDENS.

is designed to house leading British art, commercial, financial, and industrial undertakings. At street level there is extensive space for shops, and in the front basement shops will surround a central loggia, from which underground passages will lead through the plaza to other buildings. The top floor will be the headquarters of the British Empire Club, whose membership will be composed of an invited list of men of great achievement in the Empire and in the United States. The Earl of Derby, K.G., will be President, with a strong Committee, including E. W. Beatty, K.C., of Canada, and the Rt. Hon. W. M. Hughes, P.C., of Australia. Lord Lurgan and Colonel the Master of Sempill are members of the Organising Committee.



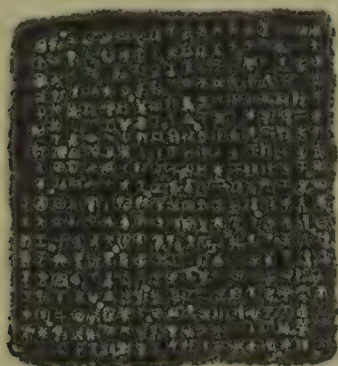
## A MUSEUM MOVE CAUSES PUBLIC AGITATION: PEKING PALACE TREASURES.



OLD IMPERIAL PALANQUINS IN THE PALACE MUSEUM OF PEKING, WHENCE CERTAIN TREASURES WERE TRANSFERRED RECENTLY TO SHANGHAI FOR SAFE KEEPING, TO BE RETURNED, AS IT WAS PROMISED, AFTER THE DANGER HAD PASSED: IN THE PAVILION ABOVE THE SHEN WU MEN, NORTHERN GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



THE STORE-HOUSE OF FORMER IMPERIAL PALANQUINS: THE INTERIOR OF THE PAVILION ABOVE THE NORTHERN GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY; SHOWING LACQUERED DRUMS AND SILKEN AND TAPESTRY CANOPIES, SOME IN A SAD STATE OF DISREPAIR.



A BASIN, KNOWN AS THE "NATION'S HONOUR," IN THE PALACE MUSEUM: A BRONZE DATING FROM THE CHOU DYNASTY (C. 1000 B.C.); AND (ABOVE) AN ENLARGED VIEW OF THE CHINESE INSCRIPTION WITHIN.



A GOLD LACQUER SEDAN CHAIR USED BY CHINESE EMPERORS; WITH FOUR MASSIVE CARRYING-POLES; A STIFF SILKEN CUSHION FORMING THE SEAT; AND A SOLID GOLDEN CHINESE DRAGON FORMING THE BACK.



A JADE, NEARLY TEN FEET HIGH, ON WHICH IS CARVED A PICTURE OF ANCIENT CHINESE RIVER CONSERVANCY WORK.

THE Government at Nanking recently gave orders for the removal to Shanghai of part of the treasures of the Palace Museum of Peking, but the transference was delayed by public agitation at Peking, and by a strike of museum employees. On February 7, however, two trainloads of treasures left for Shanghai, agitation against their removal having been somewhat allayed by the assurances of Mr. T. V. Soong, the Chinese Minister, that they would be returned when the danger had passed. In the two trains more than 2000 cases were dispatched, the majority containing State papers, books, and manuscripts. The monumental encyclopædia dating from the time of the Emperor Chien Lung (1736-1796) filled, it was stated, more than 1530 cases. Further treasures are to be taken to Shanghai later—the total transferred being then equal to one-tenth of the whole collection. In view of these events, our photographs of certain of the contents of the Palace Museum are of particular interest. The Museum is truly one of the most magnificent in the world, and its treasures have been valued, at a minimum, at about £6,000,000. It is situated among the palaces and audience halls of the former Emperors.

[Continued opposite.]



THE PAVILION ABOVE THE NORTH GATE: PART OF THE WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF OLD IMPERIAL SEDAN CHAIRS AND CARRIAGES, WITH ROYAL STANDARDS AND CANOPIES CARRIED BY ATTENDANTS WHEN THE COURT OF PEKING WENT ON JOURNEY.

[Continued.]

in the Forbidden City, the heart of the four walled cities that make up Peking. The Forbidden City is surrounded by two miles of pink-washed walls, with four pavilions at its four corners, and four gates, a southern, a northern, an eastern, and a western. In the lacquered pavilion over the northern gate, the Shen Wu Men, four of the photographs on this page were taken—those showing the collection of old Imperial palanquins and sedan chairs. The Emperors and Empresses of China used to travel in them in their journeyings about the environs of Peking, to Jehol, the Hunting Park, the Summer Palace, and the Temple of Heaven. The wonderful bronze basin known as the "Nation's Honour" is so called because it was granted by the Chou Emperor to the State of Sun as a reward for victories. It is the only example of its kind preserved in China. On the magnificent block of jade, over nine-and-a-half feet high, is carved a picture telling the story of ancient Chinese river conservancy work, a Chinese art estimated to be 4000 years old. In certain buildings of the Museum are furnishings kept as they were used by the last occupant of the Forbidden City, the Boy Emperor, now ruler of Manchukuo.



ENGLISH SCENES AS RECONSTRUCTED AT HOLLYWOOD FOR "CAVALCADE":  
THE BOER WAR—GREAT WAR FILM DUE IN LONDON.



BRITISH TROOPS EMBARKING IN ENGLAND FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR: A CROWD SCENE OF VICTORIAN DAYS—NATURALLY MORE SPACIOUS ON THE SCREEN THAN IN THE STAGE VERSION.



A "GREAT WAR" SCENE AT VICTORIA STATION AS RECONSTRUCTED IN HOLLYWOOD FOR THE FILM OF "CAVALCADE": BRITISH SOLDIERS ENTRAINING FOR THEIR RETURN TO THE FRONT AFTER HOME LEAVE.



HOLLYWOOD'S CONCEPTION OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON ARMISTICE DAY, 1918: A REMARKABLY REALISTIC CROWD SCENE SHOWING ONE OF THE LIONS SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE SETTING.



A DOMESTIC SCENE OF THE BOER WAR PERIOD: MRS. MARYVOT (LEFT) WITH HER ELDER SON, EDWARD (RICHARD HENDERSON, JR.), AND MRS. HARRIS (IRENE BROWN), WATCHING WHILE JOE MARYVOT (DOUGLAS SCOTT) AND EDITH HARRIS (SHEILA MACCALL) PLAY AT SOLDIERS.

The giant liner (for the screen production) cost 50,000 dollars to build, and stands complete on the Fox Movietone studio grounds, where it is a landmark for miles around. Its cost will be covered by using it for more than one film. In the photograph the movie camera is on the end of the huge crane which sweeps along the whole deck, and down to the 'sea' beneath. It may be recalled that, in the dialogue



A LONDON EAST-END STREET SCENE IN 1906, WITH COSTERS IN THEIR "PEARLIES" AND ONE OF THE THEN UBIGUITOUS GERMAN BANDS: LITTLE FANNY BRIDGES (BONITA GRANVILLE, IN CENTRE) DANCING NEAR HER FATHER'S "PUB."



THE LYING-IN-STATE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AS SHOWN IN THE HOLLYWOOD SCREEN VERSION OF "CAVALCADE": A PHASE OF THE ROYAL FUNERAL NOT REPRESENTED ON THE STAGE IN THE ORIGINAL PLAY.



A TRAGIC MOMENT: MRS. MARYVOT (CENTRE) RECEIVES A TELEGRAM ANNOUNCING THE DEATH IN ACTION OF HER SON JOE, WHOSE LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE DAUGHTER OF HER FORMER SERVANT, ELLEN BRIDGES (UNA O'CONNOR, LEFT), HAS JUST BEEN HEATEDLY DISCUSSED.

between the honeymoon couple (Edward Maryvot and Edith, his childhood playmate, daughter of Margaret Harris) the following passage occurs: "Edith. Wouldn't it be awful if a magician came to us and said: 'Unless you count accurately every single fish in the Atlantic you die to-night?' Edward. We should die to-night. Edith. How much would you mind—dying, I mean?"



"HOW MUCH WOULD YOU MIND—DYING, I MEAN?" THE HONEYMOON COUPLE, EDWARD MARYVOT (JOHN WARBURTON) AND EDITH (MARGARET LINDSAY), UNCONSCIOUS OF COMING DOOM, IN THE "TITANIC"—THE SCENE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED.

of the embarkation of troops for the Boer War, the entrainment at Victoria during the Great War, the East-end street scene, and that in Trafalgar Square on the first Armistice Day. It is interesting to compare subjects here illustrated with memories of the play as given at Drury Lane. The general effect, as far as can be judged from these photographs, seems to be very pleasing, and the ampler facilities of the screen for representing large settings and the movement of crowds appear to have been used with satisfactory results. With reference to the dramatic episode on board the "Titanic," on April 14, 1912, a note supplied with the film photograph states: "The scene is one of the most impressive in Noel Coward's great play.

(Continued below on left)



A VICTORIAN WIFE'S FAREWELL TO HER HUSBAND LEAVING FOR THE BOER WAR IN 1899: JANE MARYVOT (DIANA WYNYARD) AND ROBERT MARYVOT (CLIVE BROOK).



JOE MARYVOT (FRANK LAWTON) SAYS GOOD-BYE TO FANNY BRIDGES (BESSIE JEANS), DRESSED FOR A DANCING PERFORMANCE, BEFORE HE LEAVES FOR THE FRONT: A CONTRAST TO THE BOER WAR TIME FAREWELL OF HIS PARENTS.





## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ROWING PRINTS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

series of paintings and drawings on the subject in the country—and the biggest bore in two hemispheres.

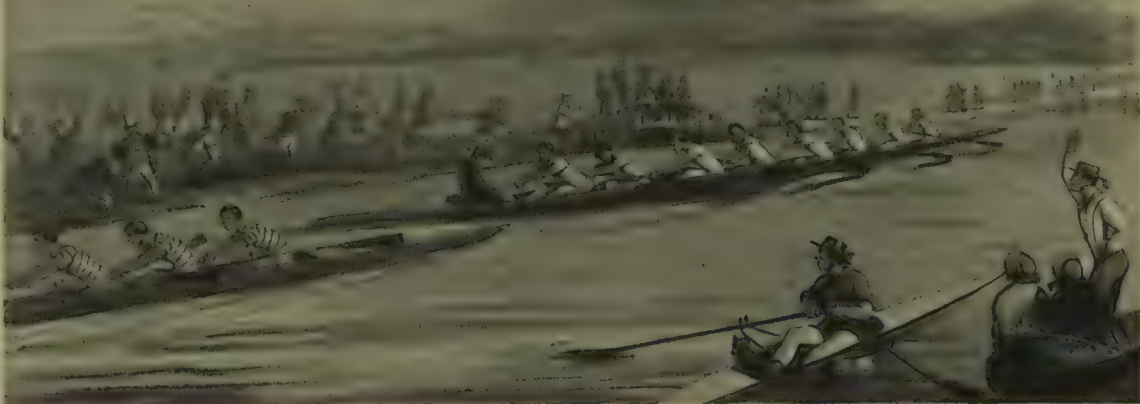
I illustrate two prints which are typical of their kind, lively, amusing, and decorative. The first was presumably published in the 1850's, and is sufficiently dramatic. Our artist has managed to capture something of the spirit of a race, without betraying a very close knowledge of its details. There is something wrong with the structure of the pursuing boat, for the haggard No. 2 has his hands well into No. 3's back; both 2 and bow are nearly rowed out, and are

to make of the punt and the dinghy which are due to be run down within the next three seconds?

The second print is dated 1871, and gives a very good notion of the crowd on the towing path: when did a hansom cab last follow the race? I haven't looked up the details of the 1871 contest, but I doubt whether Cambridge was then stroked from bow side; nor is the point of particular interest, for the artist is obviously concerned with his crowd and his landscape and knows nothing whatever about rowing: apart from that this large print is, to my mind, quite

LET us, for this week at least, be definitely low-brow—the more so as the next two or three articles will be dealing with some of the most sophisticated and exquisite works of art which will by that time be on view to all the world at the exhibition in aid of the Great Northern Group of Hospitals at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane.

Rowing is, of course, a pursuit which commenced only in the nineteenth century, and it has been served rather badly by artists: the few prints that deal with it are neither remarkable for technical accuracy nor for artistic merit. Had I leisure and means, and my own way, I sometimes think I would search for an artist of the calibre of Vandevelde, teach him the A B C of oarsmanship, and get him to do for all the clubs on the Thames and elsewhere what Vandevelde did for the Navy of Charles II. I would have him produce by the hundred drawings of individual oarsmen getting a good beginning, driving home the finish of the stroke, and coming forward well balanced on the stretcher slowly—oh! so slowly—so that I could recapture at will that almost divine sense of well-being that comes to a man as a unit in an eight which for a few glorious moments is travelling in the way an eight should travel; I would have him set down on paper the movement of the boat in rough water and smooth, so that I might feel in my bones the rhythm of the motion. He would spend days on the Isis and would interpret for me the behaviour of the boat as she comes through the Gut and meets that devilish current and perhaps a wicked cross-wind, and the poor cox has his heart in his mouth, and then the escape up the Willows and across to the opposite bank, with perhaps the other people missing a bump by inches; he would paint for me the play of sunshine on the water, the shadows of great clouds, the vigour and beauty of youthful limbs. I would then send him to the Cam, to see what he could make of that inadequate ditch, and afterwards he could return to tidal waters and draw for me Mr. "Bossy" Phelps at Putney, and that notable mariner Mr. A. P. Herbert at Hammersmith, and a few Old Blues as large as life—or maybe larger—not to mention innumerable sailing-barges, complete with bargees, and all the nondescript population of London's river. All this, and more, I would have him do, until I became the owner of the finest and most complete



1. A DRAMATIC ROWING PRINT PROBABLY PUBLISHED IN THE 1850'S: A WORK OF ART WHICH "CAPTURES SOMETHING OF THE SPIRIT OF A RACE WITHOUT BETRAYING A VERY CLOSE KNOWLEDGE OF DETAILS."

skyings their blades badly. No. 5 in the other boat is taking things very casually, and is watching the gentleman and dog in the sculler; indeed, stroke, 7, and 6 are the only people who seem to be doing any real work. The spectators are urging on the competitors with adequate gusto, but what are we

the best and most vivid of a considerable number that deal with the most popular—and, on the whole, the least spectacular—of all river events.

As far as I know, no one has ever troubled to make a list of the old prints dealing with the subject—perhaps such a labour would hardly be worth while—though I believe Mr. Guy Nickalls possesses as complete a collection as it is possible to find.

The enthusiast, of course, will be attracted by the subject and not by the print's aesthetic quality. There are a fair number of Oxford scenes in addition to the one illustrated. The best known and the most admired is a very brightly coloured lithograph of 1859 showing "The Procession of the Boats," taken from the towpath opposite the College Barges, with the trees of Christ Church Meadows as a background, one of a set of three, the other two being entitled "The Start" and "The Race."

There are one or two prints from the days when Eton used to row Westminster, the earliest of which is a lithograph of 1836, when the race was rowed at Staines; and there is another, not quite so scarce, of the 1843 race at Putney. Cambridge men could no doubt produce various examples no better and no worse than those from Oxford; though Oxford in the 50's and 60's seems to have been fortunate in possessing a particularly enterprising print publisher in the person of James Ryman. By an odd chance I have not come across any Cambridge lithographs. There are a number of views of College boats at Oxford, with the barge in the background. There are also a few prints of provincial regattas, such as Chester. There is quite a pleasant one of this event in 1854 before me as I write, with flags flying, and the "Victoria" of Chester winning from the "Nemesis" of Manchester by about three lengths.

It is one hundred and four years since the first University Boat Race. This March, a week before the main event of the year, I am told that about 160 crews will take part in the Head of the River Race started by Mr. Fairbairn a little time ago; add to this number innumerable clubs all over the country, all of whose members are presumably not completely blind, and it should be clear that my reincarnation of Vandevelde ought to lack neither models nor clients.



2. THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE—WITH A HANSOM CAB FOLLOWING AMONG THE CROWD: A PRINT DATED 1871. The artist here is obviously concerned simply with his crowd and his landscape, and has no knowledge of rowing. Nevertheless, the print is a very vivid and amusing one.





# BUSINESS DAYS ARE BENGER DAYS

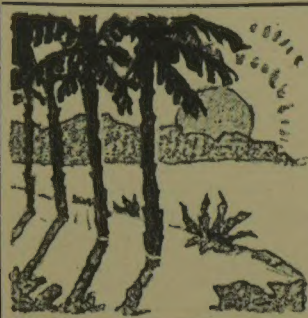


An interesting booklet, describing how Benger's Food partially digests itself while you prepare it, and how different it is from any other food obtainable, will be sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

It is Benger time when, at the end of the day, you are too tired to enjoy your leisure hours. "Too tired" because your mental and physical reserves have been used up in concentrated work, and in the daily rush to and from the Office. New energy and new health are provided quickly by taking Benger's Food. It is scientifically prepared for assimilation with little digestive effort, and is one of the most highly nutritious foods known to the Medical Profession. The time to take Benger's Food is between meals, and always a cupful at bedtime to restore you while you sleep.

"We have always recommended Benger's Food as a thoroughly reliable and trustworthy preparation, and see no reason now, in spite of the multiplicity of competing foods, to qualify or withdraw that recommendation."

*The "Practitioner."*



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For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande, Casa du Portugal, 20, Regent Street, London ; or 7, Rue Scribe, Paris ; or write to Sociedad de Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Estoril, Portugal.



## RADIUM REMEDIES.

In "The Illustrated London News" dated Dec. 17, 1932, we published a page of illustrations under the title "The Radium Rush in Canada." In describing the pictures as a whole, we quoted certain remarks made by Lord Lee of Fareham in a public speech. Since then, we have received the following letter, to which we now call the attention of our readers.

THE RADIUM SPRINGS SANATORIUM, LTD.,  
19, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.  
20th January, 1933.

The Editor,  
Illustrated London News,  
346, Strand, W.C.2.

SIR,

My attention has been called to the remarks of Viscount Lee at the British Institute of Radiology appearing in your paper and to what his Lordship described as quack "radium remedies" in the form of drinking waters, which in so far as they contain radium must be harmful and potentially dangerous.

I am sure that you would desire that the views expressed in your paper should be accurate and fair and I wish to point out that it is entirely unfair and unjust to apply such a description to radio-active waters, found naturally in springs the radio-activity of which is

almost entirely due to dissolved radium. It is equally unjust to confuse such natural waters with an artificial combination of radium with other substances the merits or demerits of which must depend upon the nature of the substances used and the manner of their use.

My Company are the importers of radium water sold as Agua Radium direct from Radium springs at Caria, Beira Baixa, Portugal, on the site discovered, nearly 2000 years ago, on the mountain dome "Lostilka," which dominates the Valley Serra de Pena, near to which was one of the last Roman encampments to be evacuated. This Water has been analysed by distinguished French, German, American, and Portuguese Scientists who confirm that the natural mineral water of these springs contains not only emanations of radium (Radon) but also—an unique feature—dissolved radium in such quantity as to be perfectly harmless, but at the same time giving a perpetual Radio-active property to the Water, and also having a distinctly advantageous effect on the other salts contained therein, and we have many examples of patients whose benefit from these waters is undoubted, while it is a fact that people living in the neighbourhood of these natural springs have never known Bright's Disease, Cancer, and many other diseases.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

Radium Springs Sanatorium, Ltd.

(Signed) W. DAVIE BURLINSON,  
Managing Director.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

### "TEN MINUTE ALIBI," AT THE HAYMARKET.

WERE Mr. Anthony Armstrong's gift for writing dialogue as strong as his knack for constructing plots, this would have been a first-class piece of work. It is at least a good one as it stands, holding the interest while one is in the theatre, though providing nothing for the memory to dwell upon the next day. His villain is such a transpontine one; a swarthy figure, with a sinister butler, doped cigarettes, and an unbelievably evil power over women. That any girl could be so simple as to succumb to the wiles of an obvious white slave trafficker is doubtful. The only thing to be said in the author's favour is that when one is so extremely anxious to get on to the working out of such a gem of a plot, one hasn't time to paint a villain in a shade more convincing than the deepest black. The hero, having discovered that the heroine is to be exported to the Argentine, is drugged, and while in a comatose condition dreams of a method of murdering the villain without risk of suspicion falling upon him. We watch this dream, and in the second act see the hero putting it into execution. It is absorbingly interesting, this well-planned crime. The third act is solely concerned with the efforts of a somewhat bovine detective to unravel the mystery. Mr. George Merritt gives the performance of the evening as this detective; a slow thinker, but no fool, he follows so closely on the heels of the hero's alibi

that half-a-dozen times that individual is nearly tripped up. The alibi, which concerns itself with the alteration of a clock, so that during the vital ten minutes in which the crime must have been committed the hero can prove himself to have been elsewhere, is not startlingly original; it has been used in many short stories and not a few plays. But this is the first time so much and such effective use has been made of it. The play never bores, and, in addition to Mr. George Merritt's noteworthy performance, is admirably acted by Miss Celia Johnson and Mr. Robert Douglas. The production, by Mr. Sinclair Hill, is brilliant.

### "HALF A MILLION," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Taken in the right mood, "Half a Million" is very good entertainment. Played by the Aldwych company, it would almost certainly run for a year. Its chief defect is not the antiquity of the plot, as that two of the actors, though giving sound enough performances, are not primarily comedians. The plot, such as it is, concerns the arrival of a niece who has been left in her uncle's charge for the ten days before she becomes heiress to half-a-million pounds. Two half-witted cousins are accordingly urged by their respective mother and father to marry the girl before she becomes her own mistress. That one (Mr. Sam Wilkinson) is already married merely makes one doubt the sanity of Maggie (Miss Mercia Swinburne), who wedded him. But the courtship of Mr. Kenneth Kove, as the second nit-wit, is distinctly amusing. Though his Wilfred is a thread of a man, with the brain of a badly-set blanc-mange, yet he does manage to present him as a semi-imbecile not without lovable qualities. He was definitely amusing all the time, and it seems miscasting to have engaged Mr. Sam Wilkinson to give what appeared to have been intended as an imitation of him. Mr. Ian Fleming, an actor of distinction, is not a comedian who can dress up in women's clothes and make the effect a "riot." Mr. Leslie Henson might have played his rôle; Mr. Bobby Howes could have played it, and years ago (in "Charley's Aunt") W. S. Penley did. Mr. Fleming was sound and inoffensive in the rôle, but no more. Whereas another Penley might have torn the other actors' parts out of their hands, upset the balance of the play—but have succeeded in making a ranting, roaring success of it.

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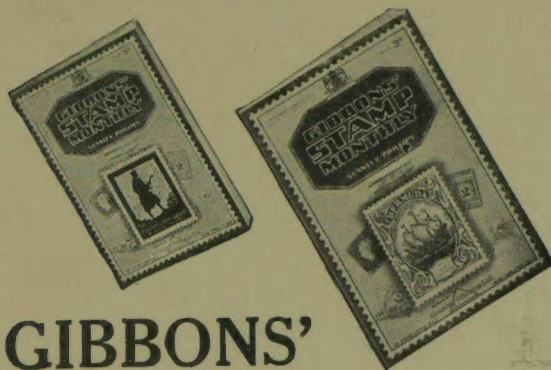
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By FRED. J. MELVILLE.



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CONTENTS—FEBRUARY NUMBER

**Papua**—a general survey of the issues of this interesting country with particular emphasis on the new Pictorial Issue. **Ascension Island**—a further instalment of Captain Ford's magnificent article on the postal issues of the "Ship that never sailed the Seas." **The Postage Stamps of the Argentine Republic, 1862-64.** **Designs of the Month, Stamp News, Juniors' Page** and other regular features including the 5th Supplement to Gibbons' 1933 Catalogue. Price 4d. post free. Annual post free subscription, 3/-.

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RARELY can there have been a month so prolific in stamps of such rare and outstanding pictorial interest. Of some of the themes dealt with on these new stamps a whole chapter, or indeed a volume, might be written, but *multum in parvo* is the order of the day.



AUSTRIA: THE INTERNATIONAL SKI CONTEST SHOWN ON A NEW STAMP.

blue-green), preparing for the run (24 g. purple), walking on ski (30 g. claret), and the great leap (50 g. blue).

The new series from the Falkland Islands commands our interest from many angles. First of all it is a beautifully produced set in steel-plate engraving, in black and colours. It tells of our distant colony's industries of whaling and sheep-farming, of Shackleton and other Antarctic exploration memories, and of the famous sea battle of the war. Premising that the centres are all in black, here is a *précis* of the issue: ½d. green, a Romney Marsh ram; 1d. carmine, an iceberg; 1d. blue, a whale-catcher; 2d. grey-brown, view of Port Louis (the earliest settlement); 3d. violet, map of the islands; 4d. orange-vermilion; South Georgia (the burial place of Shackleton); 6d. slate, a whale; 1s. olive-green, Government House; 2s. 6d. violet, the Battle Memorial; 5s. orange-yellow, King Penguin; 10s. brown, the Colony's Arms; £1 carmine-lake, King George V.



FALKLAND ISLES: A VIEW OF SOUTH GEORGIA, SHACKLETON'S LAST RESTING-PLACE.



LATVIA: BLÉRIOT'S CHANNEL FLIGHT COMMEMORATED ON A NEW STAMP.

The story of flight through the ages provides the theme for a new series of Latvian stamps which has been issued to help airmen injured in the course of their duties. Five stamps link the picture story from the time-honoured legend of Icarus, 5-santimi yellow-brown and green, to Blériot's crossing the English Channel by aeroplane in 1909, on the 25-santimi brown and blue.

The intervening subjects are 10s. brown and grey-green, Leonardo da Vinci; 15s. red-brown and grey-green, the first manned balloon ascent; and 20s. grey-green and magenta, the Wrights' aeroplane of 1903.

The new Papuan stamps, sixteen in number, might well serve as miniature illustrations to a work on life and manners among the head-hunters. They are beautiful productions, and every picture tells a story, and sometimes the frame as well. I have but space to mention a few of the subjects. See the Motuan girl, wearing a grass-skirt and carrying firewood, on the ½d.; little Steve of Hanuabada, in his gorgeous head-dress of Bird of Paradise plumes and a necklet of dog's teeth, on the 1d. Houses, like Peter Pan's, in the tree-tops (1½d.); a Bird of Paradise resting on a boar's tusk (2d.); a Koitapuan dandy (3d.); glimpses of motherhood (4d. and 6d.); a masked dancer of Kerema (5d.); a native fishing with bow and arrow (9d.); a



PAPUA: A NATIVE DANDY PORTRAYED ON THE NEW 3d. STAMP.



PERU: EL MISTI, THE VOLCANO OVERTOWERING AREQUIPA.

"dubu," a kind of platform for ceremonial occasions (1s.); a lakatoi, or native sailing-craft (1s. 3d.); a kwoi, or head-hunter's shield (2s.); a potter (2s. 6d.); Sergeant-Major Simoi (5s.); lighting a fire by friction (10s.); domestic architecture of the Purari Delta (£1).

Two new stamps, 2 centavos blue and 4 centavos sepia, from Peru show the important town of Arequipa, behind which is the imposing mountain, El Misti, 19,200 ft. above sea-level.

Swaziland reopens a page in our stamp albums which has remained closed since 1895. The new stamps are of large size, with a medallion of King George in a frame of Swazi emblems. The ten values range from ½d. to 10s.



SWAZILAND: ONE OF THE NEW STAMPS WITH A MEDALLION OF THE KING.

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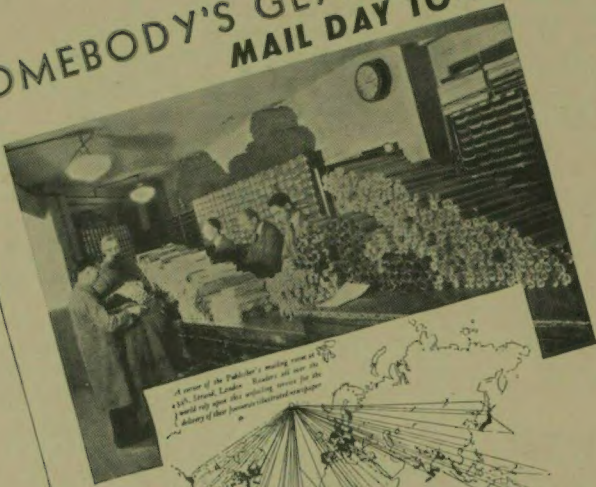
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